

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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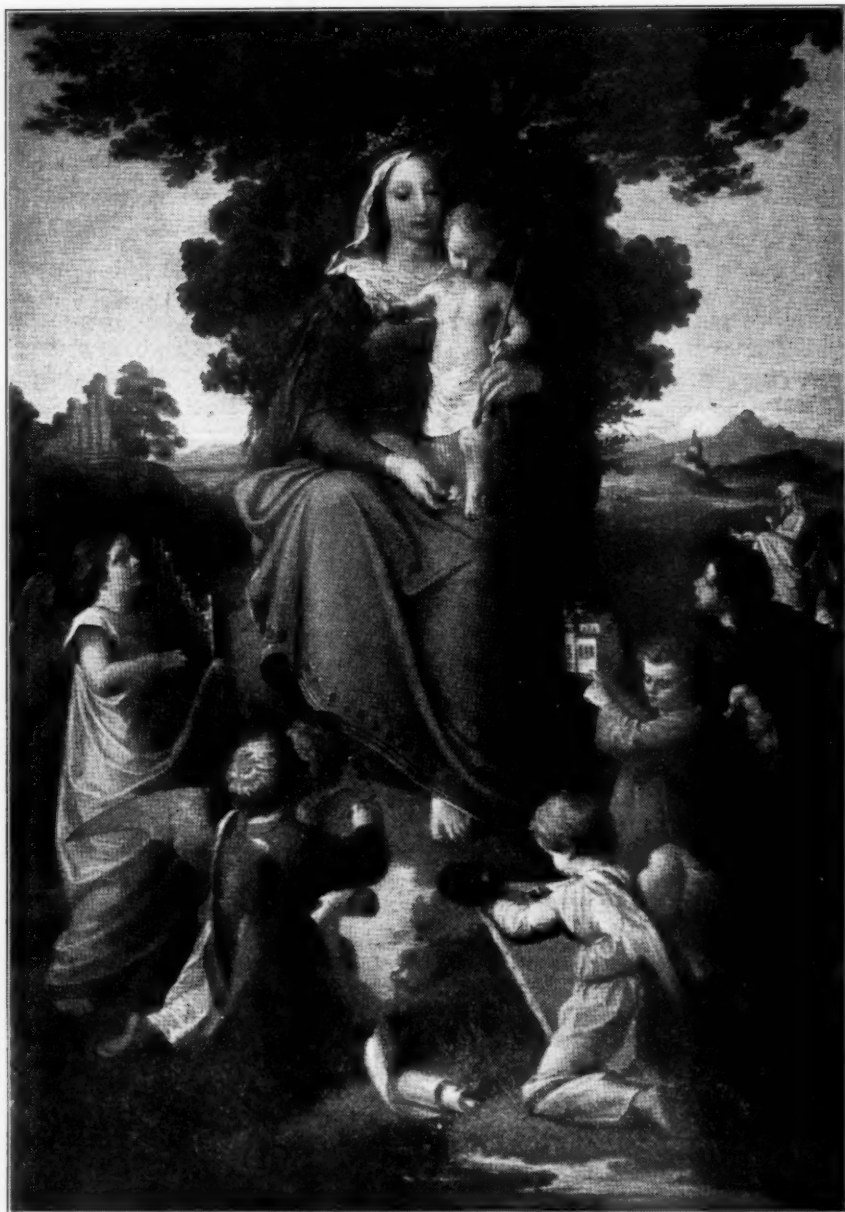
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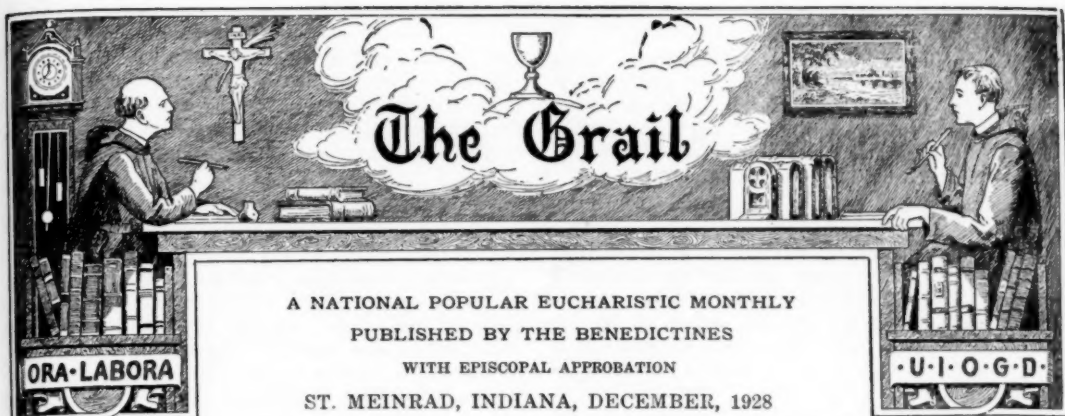
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Clearing the Atmosphere

The Presidential election has come and gone again like so many others before it. But the campaign just passed was different in this at least that one of the candidates, thought very popular, and rightly so, labored under a twofold difficulty: that of being a Democrat, while the country is normally Republican, and that of being a Roman Catholic. The constitution of the United States bars no man from the highest office within the gift of the nation because of his religious affiliation, neither do the people—unless he be a Catholic. That is the one besetting, unpardonable sin.

A MANLY STAND

Governor Smith made a noble fight, but the odds were against him. He stood before the nation as a patriotic citizen of the Roman Catholic faith, one who loved his country and was not ashamed of his religion. He made no apology for his faith and no plea for the Catholic vote. On the contrary, he made it plainly understood in his public utterances that he wanted no votes because of his church affiliation.

NO-POPERY BUGABOO

It is possible, as some think, that even if he had not been a Catholic, he would not have carried the election because of party affiliation. Be that as it may, however, it is patent to all that for some months preceding the election the spirit of bigotry began to work and ferment. Then a whispering campaign, like a dense fog, spread over the land. The no-poper bugaboo, like a poisonous serpent with its numerous progeny, is by no means an extinct species, but is still very much alive. Many are the provocations that bring it forth from cover. This artful reptile lies hid in the grass, poised, ready to strike with its deadly fangs the innocent passer-by.

KLUXER AND PARSON A POWER

All fair-minded non-Catholic citizens of the Republic deplored the storm of bigotry that broke in all its fury

over the country and brought disaster (bitter feelings and hatred of man against man) in its wake. From the time that Al Smith became a possible candidate for the Presidency until after the election bigoted busybodies, from parson to pauper, lost not a moment in their efforts to defeat the "Pope's candidate." For many of these promoters of discord it was a season of rich harvest of filthy lucre. It was the dupes who worked for the unholy cause.—Speaking of the despicable part that bigotry played in the election of 1928, the *Record*, of Columbia, S. C., says: "The large vote piled up for bunkum, balderdash and uncertainty in Virginia, Texas, Florida and some other places is proof of the theory that the kluxer and the political parson are more powerful than the constitution handed down to us by the fathers of the republic."

PRESS AND PRIEST SILENT

That the Church was really not in politics, proved an eye opener to many an incredulous non-Catholic. That Catholic papers did not come out and openly espouse the cause of Smith, that parish priests did not use their pulpits for stressing the necessity of placing in the Presidential chair the Catholic candidate, that, in fine, Catholics were left entirely free to vote for either candidate, was a cause of wonder and astonishment to the multitudes. Another cause for wonderment was that some prominent Catholics came out openly in favor of Mr. Hoover, and worked in his behalf.

"AND THEY WATCHED HIM"—St. Mark. 3:2

We are aware that the Church was closely observed throughout the campaign. Dr. Arthur Wakefield Salten, pastor of the West Side Unitarian Church, of New York City, to quote only one instance, in a Sunday address to the members of his congregation, said that "one of the amazing facts of the campaign is that nowhere have the bigots been successful in pinning meddling charges on Catholic priests or Catholic laymen." Furthermore, Dr. Salten pointed out that three distinct groups had eyes on the Church. One of these groups consisted of prominent laymen in the evangelical

churches, another was composed of politicians, while the third was made up of government officials at Washington. "The reason," concludes Dr. Salten, "that nothing has been discovered is obviously because there is nothing to discover. It stands out just as plain as day that the Catholic Church is not in politics."

CATHOLICITY BENEFITED

The recent campaign, we believe, has helped to clear the atmosphere. It has thrown the spotlight of scrutiny upon the Church to discover iniquity, and none has been found. While he did not win out, Alfred E. Smith's candidacy was not a futile effort, but a distinct service to the Church. It was, in fact, a mission to non-Catholics carried out on a grand scale. "What the outcome of the election shall be," wrote a missionary to the *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon, shortly before the election, "I do not know. But this I can safely say, it has helped Catholicity more than it has harmed it." To all fair-minded non-Catholics the campaign brought out the fact that at least some of the vile things laid to her charge are false, mere phantoms of the imagination.

EVEN IN DEFEAT A HERO

Although Mr. Smith was defeated in the race for the Presidency, he stood before the people a splendid type of leader, patriot, citizen, and—Catholic. He was great in prospective victory, he is a hero even in defeat. Hats off to Alfred Emanuel Smith!

Fides Service

To let the rest of the world know what the missionaries in foreign lands are accomplishing, what conquests of souls they are making, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has established a free press service to the newspapers and magazines. This service is known as *Fides Service*. It is truly gratifying to hear of the fruits reaped by the arduous labors of priests, brothers, and sisters in the foreign mission field. We marvel at the wonders these brave missionaries accomplish with little or no help from the outside world, but amid the greatest of difficulties and privations God blesses their labors many hundredfold.

Among the numerous news items from the field, sent out by this new service, we note the conversion of a whole village in Upper Egypt. Conversions among these schismatics are on the increase, the service reports.

The bulletins issued by the *Fides Service* are not only very interesting, but they bring encouraging reports and reveal many details and incidents of foreign mission fields that would otherwise not be generally known.

The Kweery Korner

In the November number we gave expression to the hope that with the beginning of the new year we might open in *THE GRAIL* a "Question Box" for the benefit of our readers. For this feature we have secured the services of Father Henry Courtney, O. S. B., of St. Benedict Abbey, Atchison, Kan. On another page of the

present issue of *THE GRAIL* Father Henry explains how the question box will be conducted. He also states what manner of questions will be acceptable. We doubt not that "Kweery Korner" will prove both popular and a source of information to many.

The Christ Child's Mission

AS THE WORLD SEES IT

Christmas may, from a worldly point of view, bring us the thought of a jolly old Santa Claus with a great pack of toys, of an exchange of greetings and gifts with friends, of a bountiful dinner with our dear ones seated at the festive board. But such thoughts are pagan rather than Christian.

THE SAVIOR'S BIRTHDAY

Christmas is a day of spiritual rather than of sensual joy; it is the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child, the birthday of the Infant Jesus. On this day, to remind us of His divine mission, we set up in our churches the Christmas crib with figures of the Holy Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger; of the star and the angels announcing the arrival of the new-born Babe; of Mary, Joseph, and the shepherds in humble adoration in the lowly stable; and of the domestic animals at the feet of the Good Shepherd.

WHY HE CAME

Out of the depths of His love for fallen man, and in obedience to the will of His Heavenly Father, Jesus assumed human nature and was born in abject poverty, to teach us both by example and by word of mouth what we must do to save our immortal souls. Having accomplished this, He opened the gates of heaven that had been closed to us by the fall of our first parents. His mission to earth, then, was to redeem mankind, to leave us the means by the use of which we might apply to our own souls the salvation that He wrought and thus, through His merits, come into the possession of that everlasting happiness which He went to prepare for us.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

All Christians, who are adherents of the humble Jesus, the annual recurrence of Whose birthday we hail with delight, have the sacred duty to help make that same Jesus known—whom to know is to love, and to love is to serve. As He came to teach us by example as well as by word of mouth, He requires that we do the same. Every Catholic should be sufficiently instructed in religious matters that he can give to honest inquirers a reasonable answer in matters that pertain to his faith, and his conduct should be beyond reproach. Non-Catholics and pagans will have little regard for a doctrine that presents the sublimest of truths and at the same time apparently permits its followers to lead lives on a level with their own, or even lower. If the Christian is the salt of the earth and the light of the world, he must be a leader who by the light, not only of doctrine, but especially of good example, shows forth the

holiness of his religion. The apostle calls good example, the "good odor of Christ." *Verba docent, exempla trahunt*—Words teach or instruct, example draws or moves one to act or to follow suit. By word you impart doctrine and precept, but by practicing what you preach you move others to do the same.

EACH A MISSIONARY

As religion gives way to politics and bigotry in many a sectarian pulpit, religiously-minded people seek elsewhere the spiritual nourishment which their hungry souls crave. Therefore, we frequently read of noted converts, men and women, who have long sought, and at last have found the object of diligent search in the bosom of Mother Church, whose doctrine is soul-satisfying. They now no longer grope about in the darkness of doubt and unbelief. In the light of faith they possess true peace and happiness.

CHRIST'S SEAMLESS GARMENT TORN

It is sad to see how the seamless garment of Christ—that is, Christianity—is tattered and torn and frayed by divisions that are constantly subdividing into new groups, and by persecutions that never cease. Protestantism, though hopelessly divided, is united in this one thing—its opposition to the Church from which it tore loose in the sixteenth century. The sight of this disunion should move us to pray fervently with the Savior "that they all may be one as Thou, Father, in me and I in Thee."

CHRISTIAN, JEW, MOHAMMEDAN, PAGAN

The Christians of the whole world may be conveniently divided into three groups: Catholics, who number about 300,000,000; Protestants (all denominations taken together) with less than 180,000,000; Greek Schismatics, about 132,000,000. Added to this are some twelve million Jews; 235,000,000 Mohammedans, and 828,000,000 heathens.—To bring about union and harmony, peace and concord in this innumerable multitude every Catholic should be a missionary in his own sphere. Gratitude to God for the gift of the true faith should move us to labor and pray for the conversion of those "other sheep...that are not of this fold"—that there may be "only one fold and one shepherd."

THE STRAY CONVERT

Of the many millions, the most of whom, through no fault of their own, are members of the almost countless sects, an occasional individual stumbles back into the outstretched arms of Mother Church. The joy and happiness of these converts is complete when they find in the Church all that they have so long been yearning for. It is seldom that the ordinary Catholic, who is brought up in the Church, has so keen an appreciation of the spiritual riches and grace that Church has at her disposal as does the convert.

A MEANS FOR EFFECTING UNITY

A good life, prayer, almsdeeds, personal sacrifices are some of the means that may be used in winning

souls to Christ. Among the confraternities established to bring about union is the "International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom." The League has a threefold purpose: (1) Union and harmony among all Catholics; (2) the return to the true faith of all non-Catholic Christians; (3) the conversion to Christianity of all non-Christians—pagans, heathens.

To attain this threefold object the I. E. L. imposes upon members two simple practices—and these do not bind under sin. No new obligations or burdens are enjoined. Each member is asked (1) to offer up daily for the intention of the League all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world—this may be done orally, in one's own words, or even mentally; (2) to offer up a Mass heard and a Holy Communion received (a) at least once a week, if one takes the first degree; (b) at least once a month, if one takes the second degree; (c) at least three times a year, if one takes the third degree. There are no further obligations, no fees, dues, or collections; however, a small alms for the meeting of current expenses will be acceptable at the time of admission to membership. Application for membership may be made to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Ind.

The Mass is as old as Christianity itself. It was the comfort of the Christians in the catacombs.—Fr. Baker, C. P. S.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

24. Thy Kingdom Come

'Twas on the Eve of Christmas Day.
The Sunday vesper bells had rung
Their choicest chimes; the church was hung
With wreathes of welcome every way.

A peace as of some other sphere
Was on the air as the chant rolled
From choir to vault and was retold
Adown the aisles with echo clear.

The song was of the peaceful King
Who came to win him a great realm:
The world of souls, and overwhelm
The power of sin, allay death's sting.

"Come, Holy Child, Emmanuel,"
The priest prayed, when the chant was o'er;
"A king, a God, yet humbled more
Than word can say, our pride to quell.

Let others joy in Christmas splendor,
I joy not till Thou make me thine
More fully, to dwell nigh Thy shrine
And live like Thee in self-surrender.

A cloister is a house of grace
Where Thou art Sovereign over all;
'Tis thither that I feel Thy call
To serve Thee in such holy place."

The Key

The 'Introit' Strikes the Tone and Note Proper for the Ecclesiastical Day and Mass.—Gihir.

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"FATHER, I came to get the key to open the hall for our society meeting." This was Ed Allen's apology as he intruded himself on Father Gilbert, who was engaged in a rather lively discussion with some strangers on the veranda of the rectory.

"Step in, Ed," the pastor urged, "you will find the key on the board just to your left."

"Father, you are indeed a man of order," flattered Allen on meeting the priest at the door. "You surely have a place for everything and everything in its place. Why a blind man couldn't help finding the right key here."

"Now, Ed, don't give me any of your salve," Father Gilbert protested. "Order is Heaven's first rule. It will be the priest's ambition to make Heaven's first rule his own first rule. Since you have been familiarizing yourself with the missal of late I want to declare that it is in some respects like unto that board of keys. Turn to the very first feast."

"Why, it's the first Sunday of Advent."

"That will do. Read the first words of the Mass given there."

"Here we go, Father: 'To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul: in Thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed. Neither let my enemies laugh at me; for none of them that wait on Thee shall be confounded.'

"Show, O Lord, my ways to me and teach me Thy paths."

"Then comes the 'Glory be to the Father,' etc., after which the first words are repeated."

"Yes, exactly. They are repeated down to the last verse that immediately precedes the 'Glory be to the Father.' This part of the Mass is called 'introit' which means 'entrance' or 'entry.' It's that part which the choir sings first at a High Mass, that is, if the choir sings all the portions that are meant to be sung, and does not forthwith begin with the 'Kyrie.' It is, moreover, the first prayer which the priest reads from the missal. In fact, it is the first element of the Mass, though the priest does not recite it till later."

All the while Allen was knitting his brow. Finally he broke forth: "Father, I don't get the idea of 'entry.'"

"Well," Father Gilbert responded briskly, "you see in your missal the title 'introit' which is simply the Latin for the term 'entry' or 'entrance.' Whilst the celebrant and ministers marched to the altar the choir chanted this par-

ticular prayer as a processional hymn. Music of some kind is a very old and an almost inevitable accompaniment of every procession. How mournful is the effect when a body of people march along in order but in perfect silence. This is the idea of wedding marches, though, alas, they are often not in keeping with the laws which the Church has laid down for sacred music. Even as the people file into the sacred edifice for divine service their hearts become attuned, if the devotional strains of churchly music attracts their attention. It seems that Pope Celestine I (d. 432) introduced this part of the Mass ceremony and that Pope Gregory the Great (d. 604) rearranged it. If you go through your missal you will find that with few exceptions this 'introit' or processional hymn is gotten from the psalms. The psalm was chanted either in its entirety or in part until the celebrant reached the altar, when the singing stopped. At that moment the choirmaster received the sign to intone the 'Glory be to the Father.' Since the eighth century the first part of the psalm, or psalm verse called antiphon, is followed by another verse, and this, by the 'Glory be to the Father.' Then the psalm verse or antiphon is repeated. Before the ninth century the priest himself did not recite the 'introit' nor anything else that the choir chanted. When Low Masses were introduced, however, the priest had to take also the part of the choir, a practice which was later on extended likewise to High Masses."

Allen had all the while been thumbing his missal, stopping at times to get every bit of the explanation. All of a sudden he interrupted the priest: "Father, here's a Mass that has no 'introit.'"

"Let me see," Father Gilbert demanded as he reached for the book. "Why you had the Mass for Holy Saturday. On Holy Saturday and on Whitsun Eve the prophecies and the blessing of holy water has preceded. This may be the reason for the omission of the 'introit.' Then, too, the litany has been sung, the 'Kyrie' of which merges with the 'Kyrie' of the Mass without any interposition of the 'introit.'"

"Ah," smiled Allen, "that's not a bad plan when two sets of 'Kyries' would otherwise collide to make one set out of them."

"Then, too," Father Gilbert pursued, "it may be worthy of attention that the priest makes the

sign of the cross when he begins to recite the 'introit.'"

"But, Father, didn't he make it when he began the Mass prayers at the foot of the altar?" the listener objected.

"Certainly, but, as I mentioned before, this part is really the beginning of the Mass. All that which has preceded is in fact only a preparation. This sign, as you know, is the rule of the beginning of all solemn functions. At 'Requiem' Masses however the priest makes the sign of the cross not on himself but over the missal."

"Why this difference, Father?"

"At 'Requiem' Masses all blessings are directed rather to the dead than to the living. Hence the variation of this rubric. The words themselves apply very fitly to the dead: 'Eternal rest give them, O Lord,' etc."

Allen, placing his finger above the 'introit,' offered the missal to Father Gilbert with the query: "Does the celebrant pronounce this too?"

The pastor having adjusted his spectacles, held the missal close to his eyes. "No! no!" he laughed. "This reference: 'Station at the Church of St. Mary Major,' applies to the so-called Roman stations. Let me explain briefly. At the head of various 'Introits' you will find similar indications: 'Station at the Church of St. Peter'; 'Station at St. Cecilia's.' Before the exile of the Popes in Avignon, France, in the fourth century the faithful had on certain days, especially in times of penance, additional services before their regular Mass. The whole celebration consisted of three stages: the assembly of the clergy and laity in a certain church in which the religious celebration was opened by the singing of psalms and a prayer by the celebrant; the procession which led to the so-called station church. On the way to this church the litany of the saints was sung; finally, the ceremonies in the station church where the participants halted. Here a sermon was preached, usually by the Pope himself, and then the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated. Station here means a halting, a standing or a stopping. The term is borrowed from the military code. The faithful are regarded in this case as sentinels standing on duty."

"Isn't it too bad that we have no such service to-day?" Allen suggested. "Such ceremonies would, as it seems to me, help create more of a religious sentiment and serve as fuel to our faith."

"In Catholic neighborhoods you can still witness similar religious demonstrations. Such is the case in these places on St. Mark's day and on the three Rogation days, that is, the three days that immediately precede the feast of the Ascension: the parishioners of one church begin their service in their own and then march in procession to a neighboring church or chapel where Mass is celebrated. This neighboring church or chapel is the station church. Visitors going to St. Meinrad, for instance, on the four days I just mentioned, will find this ancient custom still in full force. The station church is the chapel built on a nearby mount to the honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Hence you now understand this rubric at the head of the 'Introit' of the first Sunday of Advent."

Father Gilbert paused for a moment with his eyes on Allen. "Ed, are you hypnotized," he whispered.

"Not just that," the other muttered whilst the red crept into his cheeks, "but I am extremely interested in this last account. Father, you still owe me something."

"What's that? A roll of money?" Father Gilbert ventured.

"No!"

(Continued on page 349)

The First Midnight Mass

PHILIP HUGH

Upon the altar of the earth

Lay nature's cloth of snowy white,
And like a sanctuary lamp, the moon
Flooded earth's nave with holy light.

And all around a myriad stars
Shone down upon the holy place,
Like candlelight, reflected in
A reredos of silver lace.

While cities slept, three shepherds came
Down mountain paths of snow and ice,
To greet the Child-God born to them
In new and wondrous sacrifice.

Within the stable-sanctuary
They knelt, transformed in silent prayer,
And heard the angels' "Gloria,"
And heard the angels' trumpets blare

A little Child in linen white,
An Infant, swathed from foot to head,
The Word Made Flesh, concealed beneath
A whiteness as of wafer bread!

Themselves his humble worshippers,
His acolyte, a lowly beast!
While in the manger-chalice lay
Himself, the Victim and the Priest!

day of Advent."

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(Continued on page 349)

The House of the Three Larches

A Tale of Old Switzerland, by Maurus Carnot, O. S. B. Translated and Adapted by

MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 5

THE FATAL SHOT

THE priest was saying the last Gospel when Johanna entered the church. She did not go forward, but knelt near the door in front of a small altar dedicated to the Sorrowful Mother. Here, as a child, she had brought the first May violets, and here, to-day, she knelt and prayed for Korsin, that all strife and misfortune might be averted from him. This morning she had no spring blossoms to offer, but the violets of her lovely eyes, swimming with the dew of their tears, were uplifted to the face of the Virgin Mother, as she murmured.

"Oh, pray for him, and for all of us poor sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

After a while she left the church and walked quickly homeward. A busy day awaited her, the daughter of mine host of "The Hapsburger Eagle." As she passed through the hallway, she heard voices, one was her father's, the other Leopold's. She went hastily to her little room.

"Are you coming soon, Johanna?" called her father.

"Yes, in a moment," she replied, and in a short time appeared upon the broad threshold.

"Well, Mr. Commissary," cried her father to Leopold. "You need not be uneasy. Every thing will be just as you would have it. I can quarter all the horses in Pfunds, and I have some fine ones in reserve, good enough for the Emperor himself, should he chance this way."

"Thanks, my friend, thanks," replied Leopold. "If every man was as patriotic as you, we would soon make short work of the disloyal Engadiners. I will return as soon as Herr von Maltitz shall arrive. I must go now and see if everything is in readiness for the celebration. Here, nothing is lacking. It is a most satisfactory and comfortable house." Putting spurs to his horse he rode away.

On that morning a great crowd had assembled in the streets of Pfunds, especially in the neighborhood of the new tower, or bastion. On the meadow in the vicinity, a target had been erected. Outside the Inn of the Eagle, chairs and tables had been placed in profusion; the main street was gaily bedecked with wreaths and banners. Rushing up and down from place

to place, might be seen Commissary Leopold giving orders, and feeling intensely his own importance. But the thought of Johanna and her companion of the morning never left him. He turned his horse at last in the direction of the inn, and found her busy in the kitchen with old Teresa, the cook. Farther than the door he had not the temerity to venture however; his duties did not lead him there, and he knew that neither Teresa nor her young mistress would hesitate to remind him of the fact, should he overstep the bounds. As he passed and re-passed, glancing in each time, Teresa said in a low voice to Johanna.

"There would have been a devoted lover, if you had fancied him."

"Oh! When Kaiser Max can choose men like that for his trusted officials, God help him," exclaimed Johanna in reply, as she thrust some sticks of wood in the fire.

"Say naught against the Kaiser, Johanna," rejoined Teresa. "You know he is coming himself to Pfunds, and when he is here, you will have to wait upon him. And think then how you will tremble and grow hot and cold by turns, remembering the words you have uttered in your impatience." The old woman shook her head warningly. Johanna smiled, but said nothing more.

It was midday in Pfunds. The high street grew noisier than ever; people were pouring in from the neighboring hamlets and villages. Up and down, backward and forward, rode Leopold; Von Maltitz was late, and the Commissary grew impatient. But presently the crowd fell back at the imperious command of the Commissary who had been gazing into the distance.

"Make way!" he cried. "Make way for the representative of His Imperial Majesty."

In front of the Hapsburger Eagle, he pranced unceasingly, shouting louder than ever, as he cast his eye towards the high stone step on which Johanna stood. Why, at that critical moment, when the shouts of jubilation were loudest and the joy of the country folk most exuberant, a small boy should have felt impelled to throw a stone, history is silent. But throw it he did, from the outskirts of the crowd, and it hit Leopold square on the nose.

"The Devil!" he exclaimed, putting up his hand, which he drew away quickly, covered with blood.

"Herr Leopold," cried old Teresa, from the

spot where she stood with Johanna. "Herr Leopold, hadn't you better put a bit of mud on your nose? 'Twill stop the bleeding."

"The Devil!" again muttered Leopold. And then, in the distance, as sounds of music re-echoed along the highway, the horse he rode, pricking up its ears, began to prance and wheel about in the most inconsiderate manner. Leopold had not been born to the saddle; a few ineffectual efforts to calm his excited steed, and the Commissary found himself upon the ground, while the horse galloped away over the meadow. Leopold was angry, disgusted, and mortified; not only had he been made an object of ridicule before the assembled townsmen and peasants, but Johanna had seen it all.

"The brute," he muttered. "That horse surely was bred among the Engadiners. He is a pestiferous traitor."

Wherever the horse had been bred, which the Provost of Raunders bestrode, it was of different blood and bearing from that lately ridden by the unfortunate Leopold. As Kaspar von Maltitz came in sight of the gaping crowd, no one could say he had not well chosen his coal black steed, or that he did not carry himself proudly and gracefully upon its gaily caparisoned back. He was but little past middle age; upon the front of his rich, black velvet doublet he wore a shining breastplate of steel, and on its face as well as from the heavy chain about his neck, hung a small bronze eagle. Grizzled brows they were, that shaded the brown eyes of the Provost; his square, red visage was beardless, and from the broad-rimmed, green hat he wore, waved and glittered two long peacock feathers.

On the right of the Provost rode his son, John Ferdinand, a tall slender youth in bright green velvet, his pink and white complexion and flowing blonde hair betraying that, though he might excel in dance and song, he had not yet encountered in strife any of the rude Engadiners, who were at present the source of much trouble and anxiety. His red banner bore the Imperial Eagle embroidered in silk, the red feathers in his hat fluttered in the wind, while the fiery blue eyes wandered here and there among the crowd. A dozen riders made up the Provost's train. Leopold stepped forward on his own two feet; the Provost drew rein, a subdued murmur ran through the assemblage, while away on the broad meadow rambled the faithless steed of the Commissary.

Kaspar von Maltitz leaned forward on his horse, reaching his hand to the Commissary, which so embarrassed that functionary, that the blood flew to his head, and some of it began to flow from his wounded nose.

"Ambassador of His Majesty the Emperor, Kaspar von Maltitz, I beg that you will pursue

your journey a few steps farther to the tower, where the official ceremonies will take place." Burst forth from the trembling lips of Leopold, after he had dashed away the drops of blood from his swollen nose.

"Good," answered the Provost, with a nod, and the people lining up on either side of the fourteen horsemen, took up the march to the tower.

The attendants sprang from their saddles, but von Maltitz with a wave of the hand, imposed silence on the multitude.

"Tyroleans," he cried in a loud, ringing voice, "this is an important day; as important and significant as the fortress which our Kaiser Max has built."

As he said these words, he took off his hat; every man in the crowd did likewise; under the gray hair of the Provost there was an unsightly scar, a souvenir of the cruel and wicked "War of the Hens."

"Tyroleans, our land was not sufficiently protected against our perfidious neighbors on the other side of the mountains. Therefore, we have built here this fortress. The Engadiners have hard heads; these granite stones are not harder. Long enough has our good Kaiser Max had patience with them, and allowed the sword to remain idle in the scabbard. But now no longer!"

A great cheer arose from the multitude. Again the Provost removed his hat, and waving it in the air, he cried:

"Long live Emperor Max!" Loud and prolonged rang the joyful repetition of his words through the crowded square. Young Ferdinand von Maltitz lowered the flag, while his father sprang from his horse and said:

"Now amuse yourselves with the target. Put up the horses. My son shall have the first shot. The Commissary and the Council will repair with me to the tower."

While the principal men of the town were engaged with the Provost in the town hall, which was under the same roof as the prison, the others scattered over the meadow, where preparations had been made for the shooting. In the middle of the field, the head of a large Chamois—the emblem of the Engadiners—had been fastened to a board, the wide, branching antlers curving almost to the ground. The people cheered loudly at the sight, though a few said to each other. "That is the escutcheon of the Bishop, it should not be insulted."

As the people thus discoursed, across the edge of the field came Korsin von Laret. He carried neither arrow nor crossbow, but there was a stir among the multitude, a tightening of strings, a nodding of heads and shrugging of shoulders.

Young von Maltitz approached with a long

pole, which he drove into the ground and fastened the banner upon it, the banner with the Imperial Eagle; with his own hands he placed both pole and standard so that the broad folds fluttered high above the head of the Chamois. When all was ready to his satisfaction, he grasped his crossbow, aimed, and an arrow whirled through the air, fastening itself as it fell, full in the breast of the Chamois.

"Hallo! Hallo!" shouted the multitude.

Korsin made his way through the crowd and came nearer the spot. Arrow after arrow now followed; the Chamois was pierced in every direction.

Most of the Pfunds people knew that Korsin was an excellent shot; and several of them begged him to try his luck. He hesitated, although he was not aware that from afar a pair of blue eyes were watching him, that a gentle heart was beating apprehensively. Johanna saw what was impending, and trembled.

"Your turn, Samnauner," someone called from the throng. "You are a good shot," cried another.

"So be it then," replied Korsin, taking his bow and selecting an arrow. "At what target?"

"At the Chamois' head," cried several.

Korsin dropped the bow on the ground. "That is a sorry jest," he said. "Yes, the Chamois on the crags I will shoot as it flees, but the emblem of the Grau-Bundner Chamois—never."

Young Maltitz was close by, and Johanna had also been making her way through the crowd.

"Are you not a Tyrolean—and a subject of the Emperor?" asked von Maltitz.

"I am from Samnaun and my fealty is to the Bishop," said Korsin.

"A Samnauner?" In that case you must shoot. No one can predict much of a Samnauner. Here, an arrow for his bow," cried von Maltitz, as he lifted it from the ground.

At that moment Johanna reached them. "Korsin!" she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "You are wanted in the village. Come!"

"Ah! It is Fraulein Johanna from the Kaisradler Inn!" cried von Maltitz, reaching forth his hand.

Johanna blushed, and gave him the tips of her fingers. Then she repeated, addressing herself to Korsin, and trying to draw him away: "Come at once, Korsin, you are wanted in the village."

Korsin's eyes sparkled; straight and tall he stood between the two. The veins swelled in his forehead; a sudden resolve flashed from head to hand. Shaking her off, he seized the bow from von Maltitz and cried in a loud voice: "I will take a shot."

A sudden and strange stillness fell upon the crowd. Korsin took aim: the next instant the arrow had pierced the Imperial Banner, right through the heart of the Eagle.

"That was well done, thank God," cried Korsin, in a tone that all could hear. "That is how we shoot—we of the Holy League in Samnaun."

"He has insulted the Imperial Eagle," cried von Maltitz, and the words passed from mouth to mouth through the crowd.

It was at this critical moment that the elder von Maltitz, having left the town hall, appeared on the scene; as his eye fell upon the restless and murmuring group before him, some praising the splendid shot, others deprecating the target Korsin had chosen, he exclaimed. "Too bad, too bad, that." Never dreaming that the shot had been intentional.

As soon as he could collect his astonished thoughts, the Commissary sprang over the barrier that divided the people from the participants, grasping the banner in which the arrow was sticking.

"Treason! Treason!" he cried, presenting it to the gaze of the magistrate. "It is enough to make one weep tears of anger and shame." And the fellow struck his breast, at the awful sight before him.

"Silence!" cried the Provost sternly, as he stepped forward. "Who are you?" he inquired of Korsin.

"My name is Korsin von Laret."

"From whence come you?"

"From Samnaun."

"A subject of the house of Hapsburg?"

"I belong to the Holy League—the—"

"Silence, villain. You have purposely tried to shoot at the Eagle."

"Tried?—Nay, I pierced it."

"Knaves, chain him."

Several ran quickly to the prison for the handcuffs; but Johanna also stepped hurriedly forward, and placing herself in front of young von Maltitz, she clasped her hands in anguish, saying:

"Oh, Herr von Maltitz, beg your father not to be so severe."

"I can do nothing, dear Fraulein," answered the young man. "Please stand aside," at the same time seizing her by both wrists and pushing her back. But the action did not dismay her. Throwing herself in front of the magistrate's horse, she cried:

"O Provost, I beseech you, do not be so hard upon him. He is so impulsive! Someone had angered him."

The men had now arrived with the handcuffs and chains. But Johanna snatched them from their rough grasp, threw them on the ground and cried. "Away! He is no criminal, he is no murderer."

The Provost stretched out his arm. "He has committed a crime against the Kaiser. That you have forgotten, Fraulein; it was your compassionate heart that spoke." Then turning to Korsin he said sternly. "Here, proud Enga-

diner, you have done a foolish and treasonable thing. Lead on men! Lead on to the jail!"

Korsin drew himself up and looked the Provost full in the face. "Haughty Engadiner, off with your hat," cried von Maltitz.

Korsin obeyed with difficulty and threw back the raven locks from his forehead.

"You shot deliberately and with malicious intent at the Imperial Eagle," continued the magistrate.

"Just as your son did at the Chamois," answered Korsin fearlessly, looking him straight in the face.

"But the ground on which you stand is Tyrolean."

"The place matters not, whether Tyrolean or Bundner ground, I have the right to avenge a wrong."

"A wrong? What do you mean—fellow?"

"Nothing can excuse a man for sacrificing his honor."

"His honor! The honor of a peasant," sneered the Provost. Korsin's cheek flushed darkly; he bit his lips. "You have shown contempt for the Kaiser by what you have done, and—"

Korsin interrupted him. "Nay, the Kaiser has insulted that which I defended."

"Enough! Straight to the tower."

"Forward!" cried the officer nearest Korsin, striking him such a blow on the breast that he almost fell to the ground. For an instant his breath seemed to leave him; when he regained it, he turned to the magistrate and said.

"Provost of Raunders, remember 'The War of the Hens.' It may be renewed."

Darkly red flushed the Provost on brow and cheeks, a murmur ran through the crowd. And a few moments later, the strong doors of the tower prison were heard to clang. Korsin von Laret was its first inhabitant.

(To be continued)

The Key

(Continued from page 345)

"No?" the priest repeated. "Well, 'twould be a hard guess."

"Look at this key, Father. I came for the key and it brought on our discussion. Was your statement a riddle? In what way is the missal like the board of keys? If it is a riddle, you must solve it, Father."

"Oh, that will be easy," volunteered the pastor. "The missal has its 'introits' in their proper places as the board holds the keys in their respective places. The keys unlock so do the 'introits.' The 'introits' are the keys of the Mass. They give the keynote of the feast and suggest to us the affects which should accompany the divine service; they are brief comments on the mystery of the day; you can tell from the tone of the 'introit' whether the feast

is joyful or sad, triumphant or penitential. Hence, we should read it with the priest and abandon ourselves to the sentiments expressed therein."

"Yes, Father," Allen nodded, "but a person understands the value of key so much better when he sees it turned in the lock."

"I fully grasp your suggestion," Father Gilbert asserted promptly. "Nor am I afraid to give the key a trial. Your key is the 'introit' of the first Sunday of Advent. 'Now, on this Sunday, Holy Mother Church paints for us the Last Judgment. In the face of this dismal picture we need confidence. That is the very tenor of the Mass. Hence the wording: 'To Thee, O Lord, have I lifted up my soul; in Thee, O my God, I put my trust; let me not be ashamed, etc.'"

After a short pause Father Gilbert went on: "This 'introit,' as in fact all the 'introits,' reminds us of the ancient sighing of the patriarchs and prophets begging God for the coming of the Redeemer and for the hastening of His advent. It should awaken in us, who so happily possess Him, a great esteem for this Redeemer and for the present Sacrifice. Then, the repetition of the 'introit' should recall to us the impatient prayers of those patriarchs and should fire our love of appreciation all the more. When a prayer or statement is repeated it becomes more emphatic."

Just then Allen dropped his key and whilst he fumbled to pick it up the clock struck. Up he jumped saying: "Father, if I don't bring this key to the hall forthwith I shall be lynched before morning."

Off he was.

The proper daily reception of the Bread of Angels can not do otherwise than make our lives angelic.

He Came Unto His Own

V. D.

He set aside His majesty
And chose our mortal frame;
His Name Ineffable was hid
Beneath a human name;
He left His kingly court above
To make the crib His throne.
And all creation was amazed
When Christ came to His own.

The music of the stars that shone
Upon that Christmas night
Was blended with ecstatic strains,
Which angels in their flight
Let float adown the terraced skies,
For on that night was blown
A winged grace from heaven's height,
When Christ came to His own.

The Padre in the Firing Line---F. Doyle, S. J.

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

IN August, 1914, the great war started and in the following November Father William Doyle, S. J., volunteered as army chaplain, but it was not until a year later that his supreme sacrifice was accepted and he was attached to the Eighth Royal Irish Rifles 16th Division.

On November 15, 1915, this brief entry occurs in his diary: "Received my appointment from the War Office as Chaplain to the 16th Division. *Fiat Voluntas Tua.*"

At the time he was in the prime of life—about forty-two—a fine, well-set-up, vigorous man, with light brown hair waving over a broad intellectual forehead, very bright blue-grey eyes, eyes that sometimes sparkled with joyous good humor, and sometimes glowed with a wonderful peaceful light,—the light that is not on sea or land, but is the glorious gift given to the great-hearted, pure-souled followers of the Crucified. Father Willie was of a gay and debonnair temper, always genial, always agreeable, never so happy as when helping lame dogs over styles, and always giving of his very best to the sad, the down-hearted, the forsaken. He was ever brimful of heavenly sympathy and hope, and he was as a light shining in the darkness, invariably giving help, consolation, and nourishment, both spiritual and physical, to the desolate, to the travel-stained and soul weary. To the soldiers, his brave boys, as he affectionately called them, he was friend, comrade, spiritual guide and director, temporal friend and chum. Needless to say they worshipped the very ground he trod on and considered themselves absolutely safe when with him, not absolutely safe from shot or shell, though they had an extraordinary faith in his power to shield them from the enemy's guns, but spiritually safe, sure if they were hit while with him, he would give them the last absolution, and their souls blessed by him would fly heavenwards.

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to give even a summary of his extraordinary activity not only in the discharge of his sacerdotal duties—offering up the Holy Sacrifice in funk holes, close to many a stricken field, adminis-

tering the Sacraments to the wounded and the dying, hearing confessions at all hours, and at all times—but also aiding the doctors and nurses in tending the sick and the injured, running appalling risks to bring a gleam of sunshine to the weary men searching for the living and the dead, burying shattered, often decomposed, remains under a fusilade of high explosives and deadly fumes of poisoned gas.

He did not forget their creature comforts, the little things that yet mean so much. One of his boys relates that the Padre always had his pockets full of chocs and cigarettes and we know how Tommy Atkins appreciates that sort of thoughtfulness.

Father Willie Doyle's life in the trenches was not only of heroic sanctity and superhuman endurance, but also one of human everyday little acts of kindness and sympathy.

No romance of chivalry, no modern "best seller" holds more thrills than Professor O'Rahilly's *Life of Father William Doyle*, particularly the part relating the fascinating story of "The Great Adventure," "Of most disastrous chances, Of moving accidents by flood and field, Of hairbreadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach, Of being taken by the insolent foe." And through all these "disastrous chances," these "hairbreadth 'scapes," the Padre stands forth unassuming, fearless, extraordinarily holy. The golden streak of his ardent love for Jesus, his unswerving faith and confidence in the love of the Sacred Heart, his mystical union with the Divine Heart, runs through the narrative making his lightest words and his most simplest actions shine with seraphic glory. "Heart of Jesus, I trust in Thee."

He writes before starting for France: "I

want you to know what I went through by volunteering for the Front. God made me feel with absolute certainty—I suppose to increase the merit of the offering—that I shall be killed. The struggle was hard, for I did not want to die; not indeed that I am afraid of death, but the thought that I could never again do more for God or suffer for Him in heaven, made the sacrifice too



THE RUINS OF YPRES AFTER THE WAR

bitter for words." The tone of this note is strangely different to the last letter he wrote his dear old father, dated August 14th, 1917; it more or less expresses the filial joy he experiences at the prospect of soon seeing this loved parent. It is most poignantly pathetic, because, before it reached home, the writer had gone to occupy "the old arm chair up in Heaven." It runs thus: "I have told you all my escapes, dearest Father, because I think what I have written, will give you the same confidence which I feel, that my old arm chair up in Heaven is not ready yet, and I do not want you to be uneasy about me. I am all the better for these couple of days' rest, and am quite on my fighting legs again. Leave will be possible very shortly, I think, so I shall only say *revoir* in view of an early meeting. Heaps of love to every dear one. As ever, dearest Father, your loving son, Willie. 14/8/17."

On the fatal Thursday, the 16th of August, at Frezenberg the troops were assailed on all sides by the fiercest of bombardments, the Rifles, the Dublins, and the Inniskillings were compelled to retire before this inferno, taking their wounded with them. Father Willie Doyle flitted hither and thither giving absolution, whispering words of cheer. "Ah, Father Doyle, is that you? Thank God I am all right now," and the dying man passed happily away, but the Padre's own hour had come. I will let one of our finest war correspondents, Sir Philip Gibbs, describe the scene in his own inimitable manner:

"All through the worst hours, an Irish padre went about among the dead and dying, giving absolution to his boys. Once he came back to headquarters, but he would not take a bite of food or stay, though his friends urged him. He went back to the field to minister to those who were glad to see him bending over them in their last agony. Four men were killed by shell fire as he knelt beside them, and he was not touched—not touched until his own turn came. A shell burst close by, and the padre fell dead."

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—St. John 15:13.

From his earliest childhood William Doyle had longed to gain the martyr's crown. He had visions of going to the Congo, or to other lands, in order to give his life for the salvation of souls; and so his lifelong wish was gratified. Jesus, his loving Friend, his faithful Comrade and Consoler, heard his prayer, and he died a martyr to charity.

In his sorrow, many expressions of sympathy, were received by this sad yet happy father. Among them I quote the following lines from one of our best loved and bravest soldiers, General Sir William Hickie: "I could not say too much about your son. He was loved and re-

verenced by us all; his gallantry, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty were all so well known and recognized. I think that his was the most wonderful character that I have ever known."

Having loved his "poor brave boys" in this world, and eased their passage to the next, he loved them to the end. He did not desert them in their day of defeat without dishonor. And so somewhere near the crossroad of Frezenberg he lies buried with them, the chaplain and men of the 48th Brigade are waiting together for the Great Reveille.

"Passion of Christ comfort me as I fight my way up the path of life to the haven of Thy Sacred Heart."—Rev. W. Doyle, S. J.

We do not advertise grace as we do a sale of table linen. It is given away free for the asking.

December

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

They do you wrong, rare season of the snows,
Of crystal grottoes built by fairy hands;
They have no praise but for the June-blown rose,
For orchard gold, as plenteous as the sands.
There are no blossoms on December boughs,
But there are dreams within December hearts.
The firelight throws its cheer athwart the night
And wakes the fancy to a wild carouse;
Youth lives again, and hobbling age departs;
Love, spurned of old, returns to ply its darts,
And heaven dawns amid the golden light.

The spring is sweet, when lilies burst the mould,
And summer gardens are as dear as song.
October boughs bend low with russet gold,
But to December brightest thoughts belong.
Then comes the snow, which in a single hour
Can rear a palace fit for Guinevere;
Wild beasts of earth go skulking to their den
As children laugh beneath the frosty bower.
Amid such scenes can any shed a tear
For roses dead, for branches stark and sere?
Heap high the wood! Glad winter's here again!

Homíng Time

JOHN M. COONEY

Aloof, the shadows on the lawn
Bide through the golden weather,
But clasp hands when sad clouds come on
(Or Day with flaming steps is gone)
And seek rest close together.

So fond hearts, parting in brave quest,—
Each, of a brighter morrow,—
Return to those that loved them best
And first, when Life walks down the West
Or lower clouds of sorrow.

The Night Before Christmas

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

"'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugar plums danced through their heads.

SUGAR plums! U—u—um—what's sugar plums, Charley?" Kit Lou paused in her reading and marked her place with one slim, pink finger, while she looked inquiringly at her twin. Charley ran his fingers through his rebellious mop of curls and pondered.

"Don't know," he admitted at last. "Sounds good, though. Christmas goodies, I 'spect—"

"Something we'll never have then," sighed Kit Lou, unconscious bitterness creeping into her voice.

Rover removed his cool nose from Charley's bare foot and rested it comfortably against the slipper of his little mistress. Rover adored Kit Lou, despite her non-understandable affection for his rival, Tumble Cat, and he couldn't bear to have her the least bit unhappy. Besides, this was a red-letter evening for Rover, and he didn't wish it spoiled. Usually, long before the clock struck nine, Rover and Tumble Cat were safely housed in the woodshed, resigned to another long night of grudging companionship. But here, at nine-fifteen, were they both in the house, and, what was still more wonderful, they were in that inner sanctum to which they were seldom, if ever, admitted—Charley's upstairs sleeping room. So now Rover nosed Kit Lou's foot gently, as though to say, "Why spoil things by worrying about some little old sugar plums? They don't sound good to me."

"Go on, Kit," said her brother, aiding and abetting Rover. "Don't be a wet-blanket. We've got the book and knife anyhow."

Kit's sunny smile flashed back into her piquant face. I'm a goose," she said, "mourning for something I don't know anything about. Did you see that gorgeous fruit cake Molly baked at Thanksgiving? She put it in the big brown crock right in the tiptop corner of the little yellow cupboard—and this afternoon she gave me the key to the cupboard and said we might have the cake for dinner to-morrow. And the chicken's in the cellar way, all ready for the roasting—and Molly showed me how to candy the sweet potatoes—yum-m-m! We're going to

a real Christmas dinner, even if we don't dare call it that."

"Yum-m-m!" Charles smacked his lips in anticipation of the coming treat, "Good old Molly!" His fingers closed caressingly about the pocket knife which was his only Christmas gift and a present from that same Molly. From her slender earnings the housekeeper had managed to eke sufficient to purchase the book and knife for the two lonely children, muttering to herself as she did so, "It's a shame, that's what it is! Bless their little hearts! The best children in the world, barring an off day now and then—and not to have any real Christmas, nor a tree, nor hung-up stockings. Not to go tip-toeing down in their fare feet to see what Santa brought them; not to dare to say: 'Merry Christmas!' even. Oh, the Mister's a good, fine man, and there's no doubt of it—and he's father and mother both to 'em, and doing a better job than most men could—but he's a wee bit cracked on that one subject, I'll be bound. The pity of it, the pity of it!"

Uncle Carl hated Christmas! The twins had learned this that very first, strange, unhappy Christmas after mother died. He had admitted as much to them, harshly, unequivocally, turning his eyes away from their shocked faces, and steeling his heart to the pleading in their voices. He hated the sound of bells over the snow, the savory odor of Christmas victuals, the sight of a Christmas tree sparkling with light and tinsel, the sound of Christmas greetings called gaily from group to group at the door of the little church on Christmas morning. Poor twins! After that one unforgettable first time, they had never again ventured to mention the blessed season, happiest of childhood, in his presence. He tried, to his credit be it written, to make up for the Christmas lack in other times and seasons. Easter was a joyous time of egg hiding and hunting—a holiday marked by delicious candies and wonderful new spring clothes—a suit for Charles, a gay necktie and shining patent leather shoes—and bright dresses and hats and slippers for Kit Lou. Fourth of July was a riotous day of picknicking and fun, no matter how busy the farm season nor how short of help the farm; its evening was made luminous with sundry wonderful fireworks that lit the heavens and brought joy to the hearts of the children. Thanksgiving was a thanksgiving for which to be long thankful—a Thanksgiving with the biggest and fattest of turkeys, the reddest of cranberries, the most luscious and spi-

ciest of pumpkin pies. Oh, Molly had a free hand in the kitchen for Thanksgiving Day, and right joyfully did she employ it. And then there was their joint birthday, with a marvelous three-story cake and candles, and all the gifts their hearts desired. But there was no Christmas. Christmas must come and go as somberly as any rainy Sunday. If one loved the *Adeste Fideles* at Mass, one must not hum it afterward, nor open the piano and pick out the notes with one finger—oh, never! If one stole surreptitious glances at the village Christmas trees, smiling through holly-wreathed windows, one must not mention them at home. Nor exchange gifts, no matter how small—nor even dream of Santa Claus. It was hard, very hard for children to understand.

Uncle Carl was good to them, so good and kind and tender when they were ill, and forbearing when they were naughty. They sensed, with the intuition of childhood, that Christmas had sometime brought him great sorrow, but a child can not understand grief which lives. Even had they known the nature of the sorrow, it would have meant nothing to the untaught hearts of their youth. After all, it was only a picture that lived on in the mind of Uncle Carl—a pretty picture, a gay picture, a happy picture—the picture of a girl's bright face, lifted from out the past to receive the kiss of a man beneath a sprig of Christmas mistletoe. What could this have meant to them? And yet it was this picture, etched with a pen of fire on the brain of Carl Marden, that had sent him into exile from home and friends for twenty years, his whereabouts known only to his beloved sister, the mother of the twins. It was this picture that caused him to walk his house alone on every Christmas Eve, wrestling with silent agony. It was this picture which caused him to hate Christmas with a hatred terrible in its intensity.

Kit Lou patted Rover's head and read on:

"And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear—

"O-ooh! What was that?" Kit Lou broke off her reading abruptly.

Rover, bristling, sprang to the door and began to emit fierce, staccato barks, while from below stairs there sounded a thunderous knocking. The twins paled and looked at one another in dismay. It could not be Uncle Carl, back so soon. He had taken the old sleigh, because

the storm had rendered the road impassible for the car, and driven Molly over to River Junction for the nine-fifty train. Molly was going to her old mother, whither she had been called by a telegram which had been telephoned out from the village just at supper time. It was twelve miles to River Junction. Uncle Carl had told them that it would probably be midnight before he returned, and that they need not stay up for he was taking the front door key with him. The Marden farm was on a remote side road, and strangers rarely passed that way, even in summer time. Who could be knocking then, at this hour of the night—and on a stormy night such as this?

"Do you think we ought to go to the door?" asked the girl, timidly.

A wild blast of wind smote the house a startling blow, nearly drowning the renewed knocking. The countryside was in the throes of a real Christmas blizzard.

Charles brushed back his curls with a determined gesture.

"We'll have to," he declared manfully. "We can't leave anyone outside in a storm like this. I'm the man of the family when Uncle Carl is away." He squared his shoulders with a fine assumption of courage, perhaps the better to hide the fact that his knees were quaking. "I'll take the gun and Rover and go down and see who it is and what they want."

The Blessed Christmas Baby

EDITH TATUM

Just a baby in a manger
In a stable, cool and dim,
With a mother's love enfolding
And her arms to shelter Him;
Knowing naught of home or comfort
Save His mother's gentle breast,
In that far off, lonely stable
Where she sought for sheltered rest.

For He had left high heaven
And come down to Galilee
That He might bring God's mercy
To comfort you and me—
To save our souls from sinning
And to teach our hearts to love
Our faltering, fellow pilgrims
And the Father up above.

Since then through all the ages
We have set apart that day
For loving, joyful service,
To worship Him and pray
That He will never leave us
But will hold us close to Him
As Mary held her baby
In that stable, cool and dim.

"Well, if you're the man of the family, I'm the woman," declared Kit Lou spiritedly, "and I'm going along."

"Doesn't seem to be anyone at home," said the man on the front doorstep. "Can't hear any response except that dog. But there's a light upstairs—"

"No one's gone visiting on this kind of night," said the woman at his side. "Sensible folks are tucked in by their firesides. Don't cry, darling," she soothed the whimpering child in her arms. "Don't you know this is the night before Christmas, when all kinds of beautiful things happen to little folks like you? There, I hear some one coming now."

"You'll have to go around to the side door," called a quavering voice from behind the closed door. "This door is locked and we haven't got the k-k-key."

"A child!" said the woman in surprise. "Alone, do you suppose?"

"We'll soon find out," said her companion. Poor kid! Sounds scared, but game. Good thing for us he is. This neck of the woods is no place in which to spend a blizzard night in the open. I might pull through with the shelter of the car and the blankets, but you and the kids would freeze. I knew we were setting out on a fool's journey when we started for Mary's on a day like this, but Christmas comes only once a year. Guess this must be the side door over here. Watch that step, Margaret. Here, Tad, take Daddy's hand—there's ice under this snow. You'll come a cropper—Great Caesar!" This last ejaculation was called forth by the sight that confronted his astonished gaze as the door opened inward.

Framed against the brightness of the hall the two frightened children presented a pitiful, woebegone appearance—and yet a strangely martial one, too, for Kit Lou held a quivering Rover in leash, while Charles strove vainly to hold steady the old shotgun which Uncle Carl used for squirrels, chicken hawks, and occasional rabbits.

"Whoa!" cried the man. "Put down the gun, laddie. We're not bandits—and I like those things pointed north when I'm south."

"You poor babies!" cried the woman. "Jim, they're frightened to death, and no wonder." She passed the baby girl in her arms to the man and gathered the twins into one reassuring embrace. "Don't be scared, darlings. We won't hurt you. We're just lost and stalled, that's all. We got off the main highway because we couldn't see the sign posts through the snow—and the car stalled. There, don't cry," as Kit's shoulders began to shake. "Where are your father and your mother? How do you happen to be alone?"

Charles drew away in embarrassment. After his vaunted courage it was humiliating to feel

tears in his eyes and to know that at any moment he might blubber just as Kit was doing. He brushed his eyes hastily.

"We haven't any," he announced. "Only Uncle Carl, and he's gone over to River Junction to put Molly on the train. Come on out to the fire. Kit, stop your bawling and make some coffee for your company. I 'spect they're pretty cold." And he proudly led the way to the cosy farm kitchen. Now that his fears were set at rest, he remembered his rôle as man of the family.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the children were once more "nestled all snug in their beds," Tad tucked in with Charley and baby Janet sleeping sweetly in the warm depths of the spare-room featherbed with Kit Lou to keep her company until such time as Aunt Margy would join her. "Aunt Margy" had insisted on putting them all to bed, even though Charles and Kit Lou demurred, feeling that such a procedure was hardly in accord with their duties as host and hostess.

"We'll account for ourselves to your uncle," she said sweetly, "And it's high time for kiddies to be in bed. Don't you know it's the night before Christmas, and if you all stay up until midnight how is Santa ever going to come?"

Kit and Charles looked startled at mention of that dear, but forbidden name. "Santa Claus doesn't come here," said the little girl sadly.

"Doesn't come here?" asked Aunt Margy in dismay. "Santa doesn't come to see you—not ever?"

"Not since mother died," said Charles. "Uncle Carl hates Christmas. We are never allowed to talk about it or have present or—or—or anything."

"Gee!" Tad breathed a heavy sigh. "That's pretty tough for us, Dad. Don't you think we'd better get a couple shovels and dig the old car out, and drive on? I'd hate to miss Santa Claus after I just wrote him that letter telling him how good I've been, and how bad I want that punching bag."

"Oo-oh!" A long-drawn wail went up from the lips of baby Janet. "Santa won't bring my cry-baby dolly! Oh, I don't want to stay here, I don't—I've doin' to det my toat and my hat—"

"Indeed, you're not!" interrupted her auntie firmly. "Of course Santa will bring your cry-baby dolly. He never missed you yet. Don't you suppose he knows you're away out here in the country, and snowed in? Now off to bed, the whole lot of you—and before you go every-one of you hang up your stockings. We shall see what we shall see."

"We surely shall!" agreed Janet's daddy heartily. "And if Santa doesn't fill the stockings—I'll eat the stockings!"

But when the children had gone, he faced his sister with a dubious expression on his face.

"Gee, Marge," he said ruefully. "Looks like we've struck a bum place to enjoy Christmas. How do you think this crusty old curmudgeon is going to take it—having total strangers walk in and start festivities rolling on a holiday he hates? What do you suppose is the matter with this bird, anyway? Who ever heard of anyone hating Christmas?"

"I don't know what's the matter with him," said his sister, with a touch of asperity. "And what's more, I don't care. All I know is this, those children are not going to be cheated out of Christmas—not while I'm around. There's that great bundle of things we were taking to Mary's children, who always have plenty anyway—and Tad's and Janet's things down there in the car. Don't stand there and stare at me like a thousand-year-dead mummy, Jim Dean! The night is flying, and he's likely to be back any minute. Just struggle into your overcoat and go down to the car and load up. I'll take care of the ogre if he arrives while you are gone. Go on! What are you waiting for?"

Her brother laughed and turned to obey orders. Three trips to the car, and the old farmhouse looked as though Santa Claus had indeed arrived. The four stockings by the old fireplace in the living room, where Charles had built a rousing fire, were bulging with mysterious contents, and tissue-wrapped packages filled the tables and chairs. At last their task was done.

"It's complete," said Margaret. "But yet it needs something. It isn't decorative enough. I suppose it's the tree that's missing, but we can't have that. I know—" She dragged a chair to the center of the room and climbed up beneath the big oil lamp that swung from the ceiling. "We'll trim this chandelier. Get that box of mistletoe, Jim, and that big red ribbon. I'll fix it up here."

And so it happened when Carl Marden, wondering mightily at the blaze of light in his house, and with a sword of fear in his heart as he thought of croup and other terrible things that might happen to two lone children in his

absence, opened his front door and noiselessly entered, he came upon that old, old picture within his living room, the same picture that had haunted him for twenty years—a man and a woman, standing beneath the Christmas mistletoe. For a minute he doubted the reality of his senses—and then he remembered the stalled auto he had seen in the snow down the road, and understood the scene a little better. But when he looked at the holiday aspect of his home, swift, unreasoning anger took possession of him. Hospitality he was willing to give, but who were these strangers that they should take such liberties in his absence—stir up the dregs of old trouble, smear fresh salt in the old raw wound? His voice was harsh and menacing when he spoke.

"Would you mind explaining just what you are doing, and with whose permission?" he demanded.

The two beneath the mistletoe whirled with one accord to face him, and as he glimpsed their faces beneath the bright lamp, his own paled and flushed and paled again, while his senses reeled with the shock. Again he thought that he was dreaming, and he could not speak—only stand and dumbly stare, like a man paralyzed and bereft of speech. The woman's pallor was equal to his own, but it was she who at last broke the pregnant silence.

"Carl!" she said softly. "Carl!" She stretched out a beseech-

ing hand, and then let it fall helplessly to her side.

Carl Marden brushed a palm across his eyes, and then looked again at the woman before him. It was no dream. She was still there—older, more mature, but beautiful as ever—beautiful and dear—how dear! Margaret, his wife! He took a step toward her, and then stopped. The man was still there—the man whose face he remembered so well—the same man who stood there now beside her as he had stood that other night, taking her into his arms, kissing her—Marden indicated him now with a sudden fierce gesture.

(Continued on page 364)

For the Christ Child

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

THE STAR GOD LOVES THE BEST

Of all the stars that God has made,
One binds Him closest to our earth:
He fashioned it for Love's Crusade,
To herald His Son's advent and birth.

ET VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST

Silent He rests in Mary's arms,
From Him no speech is heard.
Why should there be? For He Himself
Is God's Incarnate Word.

FLOWER O' THE SNOW

April Flower in the snow,
Springtime's bud though wild winds blow:
See the Child on Mary's knee,
Heaven's eternal Promise, He!

AT BETHLEHEM

God's Heart for all the world is here,
His Shrine and Refuge found;
His weakness, lowliness appear
To make Love's perfect round!

Blair's Christmas Bread

EDITH TATUM

THE busy, merry crowds of holiday shoppers jostled against Blair Scott; there were some who even laughed up into his serious dark face. But he caught nothing of mirth from them and no answering smile lighted his sombre eyes.

It was Christmas Eve, and the joy of it overflowed from the hearts of the young and happy and seemed to fill the very air. Blair, however, felt neither young nor happy. The chief reason for this was his loneliness. There was no one who belonged to him, no one in whom he was specially interested. The Christmas season, the festival of home, jarred on him because he had no home. His sumptuous apartments at the Grand Hotel oppressed him at such times with their gilded emptiness. Christmas was a mockery to him, and for some reason he felt it more keenly this year than ever before.

He had accepted an invitation to dine at the Warings, and had dressed with care and precision, with Dubb's assistance. And while dressing, his thoughts had reverted to Mrs. Waring's visitor, pretty Pauline Abbott. Mrs. Waring had designs concerning the two of them of which he was fully aware. . . . Well, Pauline was merry and sweet, and would undoubtedly help to rob life of its deadly dullness, so why shouldn't he be a willing second to Mrs. Waring's plans?

But, for all that, he turned away from his dressing table and went out into the crowded street with a sigh on his lips.

He had formed the habit of late of walking everywhere within reasonable distance—it was some vent to his restlessness. To-night, however, the Christmas merriment irritated him, it seemed such a strange, childish custom, a delusion that should have been long ago outgrown.

It was in this unwonted mood that he noticed near him a little boy struggling against the crowd which swept him on unheeding. The child could scarcely keep his feet, for he was small and frail and a cripple. In another moment, however, Blair would have passed on and promptly forgotten the incident. But just at that instant the little fellow looked up at him with a pair of great, hollow, brown eyes that held him rooted to the spot, gazing back into them, searching for something, he scarcely knew what. The child tried in vain to stand against the onrushing stream of people, steadying himself on his small crutches, and Blair went to his rescue for no other reason that he

was conscious of save the appeal of those haunting eyes.

He drew the boy aside and stood looking down on him. "Well, old fellow," he remarked pleasantly, "what's the trouble? Are you lost?"

"Oh, no," was the eager, breathless response. "I know every bit of the way I came, but it's so far and so many people, and I don't know just where the place I'm looking for is. Could you tell me, perhaps?" He spoke in a musical voice which touched some rusty chord in Blair's heart.

"I shall be delighted to help you in any way I can," he answered with ready response. "Where is it you wish to go?"

"You see, I want to buy some flowers for my mother. She doesn't know. She's gone to a party," he went on, a little excited tone creeping into his voice. "Oh, a grand party, and she was so happy over it. I planned to get the flowers while she is away and hide them until to-morrow. I've been saving the money for weeks and weeks. See!" As he spoke he opened his small fingers and displayed to Blair six pennies. "Will that be enough to buy flowers, do you think?" he questioned anxiously.

"Quite enough, I am sure," Blair replied gravely, "but I must go with you and show you the way."

Regardless of the fact that he was keeping a dinner party waiting, he escorted the child to a nearby florist. He winked guardedly when his small companion asked tremblingly to be shown the very prettiest flowers that could be bought for six pennies.

The selection required care and thought, but at last one azalea growing in a pot and covered with pink blooms was chosen and the child's face glowed with delight as he looked at it.

"Isn't it a pretty one?" he cried, his eyes sparkling. "I know my mother will love it. But it's awful cheap at six pennies, seems to me," he observed with a sigh of satisfaction as he counted the money penny by penny into the man's reluctant hand.

"But how am I to carry it?" he demanded uneasily a moment later, looking from the pot of flowers to his crutches and back again. "I 'speck I should have bought some of the cut flowers, but this is so much prettier and will last a long time."

Blair smiled into the upraised, rueful face reassuringly.

"Never mind," he said, patting the thin

shoulder as he spoke, "this gentleman will send one of his men with you to carry it for you and to help you through the crowd. I would go myself but I have an important engagement."

The child's eyes lighted up as he looked at Blair, and he held out his hand with a quaint old-fashioned gesture.

"You have been very kind to me," he said. "My mother would thank you too, if she knew."

Blair laid his hand lightly on the boy's head and a sudden unaccountable desire to see him again impelled him to say:

"Won't you give me your address, young man, so that I can call on you and your mother sometime?" he inquired, a new gentleness in his voice.

"I don't know it," was the regretful response. "I know the way there, but not what it's called. I'm sorry—I'd love you to come!"

"Never mind," Blair hastened to assure him. "I'll find out from the man who goes with you. But here, take this card of mine, and if you should ever need me, send it to this address and I'll come."

It was an unusual impulse which had prompted Blair, and all the way to Mrs. Waring's his thoughts were full of the crippled child. Once inside the door, however, with the lights, flowers, music, and gay voices and he immediately forgot the boy's existence.

His hostess greeted him with a playful jest at his lateness.

"I've waited dinner for you," she added with a little frown, "but I'm sure you don't deserve it. . . . No, don't try to explain! Come in and let Pauline finish scolding you. She has a pain in her neck from watching the door."

This last remark was made in the hearing of the girl who colored up to the roots of her blonde hair. She was young and pretty and her exaggerated mannerisms were rather attractive. All through dinner it was evident that she exerted herself to entertain Blair and in spite of himself, it flattered and pleased him.

"What's doing to-night—bridge?" he inquired, leaning over the back of Pauline's chair in the drawing room after dinner.

She smiled up at him. "Not to-night. . . . We are to have music. Some broken-down celebrities, I believe. You see, Evelyn just misses being a saint. She would have been one long ago but for Alex."

Blair laughed outright. "Warning! To achieve sainthood, never marry."

"Well, to-night for instance," she explained, not deigning to reply to his frivolity, "Evelyn has asked Madame Delano to sing, is to pay her quite a sum. Pure charity, for the poor thing has lost her voice. Evelyn stumbled on her somewhere and found that she was actually in want, so she immediately engaged her for to-night."

"Kind of Evelyn and nice for Madame, but rather rough on us, isn't it?"

"Poor Delano! she was quite the rage in Paris some years ago. It must be dreadful to be a has-been. . . . Ah, there comes Laurentine, the violinist! He really is a magician."

Blair leaned back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction as the great violinist began to play. Before many minutes the music had carried him away from the city with its glitter, its sordid seeking after wealth, its mad rush for pleasure and excitement. As the wonderful tones swelled and filled the rooms with melody, little scenes of his boyhood rose up like pale ghosts, only to pass and give place to others. Bygone holidays returned to mock him with their forgotten sweetness.

The music changed subtly. Into it crept soft notes laced with lilting bits of song. Blair obeyed the master's mood and entered in spirit an old-fashioned garden. Pinks, hollyhocks, and roses grew in profusion; it was night, and there was moonlight. Through a silver radiance, on the breath of the exquisite melody, she came back to him, the wraith of the girl he once had loved. She was tall and childishly slender and her every movement was full of grace. . . . He clasped her in his waiting arms, close to his wildly beating heart.

A crashing, scraping, grating chord broke into the dream. The violin seemed to cry out in agony. In the flood of music which followed there was passion and despair. . . . Cold drops stood out on Blair's forehead. His breath came gaspingly and his hands clenched.

Pauline watched him covertly until she could stand his strained look no longer. She leaned nearer and touched him lightly on the arm.

"Don't you think Laurentine really very wonderful?" she asked.

He started and looked down at her with eyes which scarcely saw her.

Star of Glory

FRANCES GORMAN RISSE

Christmas bells are ringing out,
Telling the old story
Of the shepherds and the Kings,
And the star of glory;

Golden star with wondrous beams,
Showing men the way
To the lowly stable-shrine,
Where the Christ Child lay.

Tiny things, wee Babe and star,
Yet the Heavens sing,
Of the star and Bethlehem,
Birthplace of the King!

"Yes, very wonderful!" he murmured, and relapsed again into silence.

"What on earth is the matter with you to-night, Blair?" Pauline cried with sudden petulance. "I've never seen you in such a state of preoccupation. What is the trouble—tell me!"

"It is beastly of me—I'm sorry," he offered penitently, once more himself. "It must be because it is Christmas—and I am lonely."

Her color deepened a little. "Lonely?" she repeated with a touch of suppressed feeling in her voice.

"Alone, I should have said," he explained bluntly. "I am alone—the last of my family. And I seem to realize it more at Christmas time."

She put her hand lightly on his arm. "I understand," she whispered sympathetically. "I am—"

But the sentence was never finished, for the sound of a woman singing had reached them. She was singing an old Scotch ballad, a familiar, plaintive little song, every word distinct and appealing, in a voice which must have once been rarely perfect, and which still held a quality to stir the heart.

Blair sprang to his feet, his face as white as death. With hands that trembled strangely he drew aside the curtains. He could see her standing over near the piano, a woman in a white gown no longer in fashion. She was tall with a willowy grace; her eyes were a beautiful brown, but her face bore traces of the ravages of sorrow and care, though even these had been unable to dim its sweetness.

"It is Fay Delano," Pauline informed him. "Don't you remember—"

But Blair was not listening. His breath came in gasps, and he caught his lip between his teeth in his effort to control his overpowering emotion. He didn't move until the last tone had died away, and the singer had left the room. Then without a word or even a glance in Pauline's direction he went out into the hall. But he was too late. The singer had gone. Entirely oblivious of what she or anybody else might think, he waylaid his hostess and demanded information.

"Where did you find her?" he asked eagerly. "Why, I've known Faith Delbrook all my life, but I lost trace of her years ago. She ran away and married her music teacher and—"

"I know nothing whatever about it, Blair," Mrs. Waring interrupted with a touch of irritation. "She is called Madame Delano, Fay Delano. You know she was famous in Paris some seven or eight years ago. I ran across her quite by accident the other day—they had discharged her from a music hall where she has been singing and she was crying. I engaged her on the spot for to-night. But you are making an exhibition of yourself, Blair," she added

in a warning undertone, "you really are. You'll set people talking."

He did his utmost to bring himself back to a normal state, but his mind was in chaos, so he begged Mrs. Waring to make some excuse for him to her guests and let him go.

That night he couldn't sleep. Laurentine's violin, with its magical voice had opened an old wound which Blair had imagined long since healed. Just when the floodgates of memory were flung wide he had heard it—her voice singing the old song they had sung together in that garden so long ago. As early as he dared he telephoned Mrs. Waring to ask if she knew the name of the music hall where Faith had been singing. But she did not know anything about it.

It was Christmas day and his loneliness and unhappiness overwhelmed him. He spent the morning in his rooms, smoking, tramping the floor, or sitting with his head sunk on his chest, his arms hanging inertly. It was about eleven o'clock when an interruption came. Dubbs brought him a note with a card, which he informed him had been left at the door by a ragged street urchin, who had departed without waiting for a possible reply.

With some curiosity Blair held out his hand, then sat up, his interest aroused on the instant, for he recognized his own card which he had given to the little crippled boy, whose dark eyes and helplessness had so strangely appealed to him. He opened the note and glanced at it hastily, reading it again more slowly the second time. It was in a childish scrawl but legible and evidently written with great care.

"Dear Mr. Scott," the note ran, "Christmas came to us too, this year, like Father Cartwright said it would if I would be good and pray with faith. At three o'clock we will have our Christmas dinner, and this is to invite you to come eat it with us. I want you very much. Please come. It is to be a surprise to my mother. She liked the flower very much. She cried over me and kissed me when I gave it to her, though I told her Santa Claus had brought it. It is to be on the dinner table. Please come. Your little friend, Charles Delano."

Blair studied the note for a few minutes with its quaint, careful wording, then suddenly he decided to go. The address, in a poor quarter of the town, was written at the bottom of the note, and he jotted it down on the back of his card which the child had sent.

While he was dressing, he ran across a beautiful box of bonbons which he had purchased to send to Pauline Abbott, and which he had forgotten in his distress of mind. He laid it on the table with his coat and hat; he would take it to the boy instead.

He laughed a little all to himself as he made his way up the dark, dingy stairs of the tene-

ment house where he was going to take Christmas dinner by special invitation. Charlie stood leaning on his crutches, waiting for him at the top of the last flight of stairs, and the expression of his wan little face at sight of Blair was sufficient reward for the trouble of coming.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," he whispered joyously. "I'm so glad! come in, come in here and 'sprise mother. She doesn't know anything about you. She'll be so glad you've come, 'cause we've been awful lonely."

As he spoke, he led the way across the passage, and softly opened a door. As the boy went in, Blair looked into the room and took in the whole scene in a swift glance. It was a poor, bare room, but spotlessly clean. The table was laid with a white cloth, some battered silver and cracked china, but the Christmas dinner was there, turkey and all, the pot of azaleas making a glory in the center. The table was set for three. The child had put the third plate there himself, explaining to his mother that it was for the Christ Child, if he should come to keep the feast with them.

And there she sat at the table, dressed in white, and azalea bloom at her breast. Just then she raised her eyes—eyes brown like Charlie's, and saw him standing there. For a moment there was stillness then she spoke one word—

"Blair!"

His face alight, he went to her with out-stretched, longing arms.

"Faith! My dear—my dear!" he cried exultantly.

She did not resist him when he clasped her close and held her in a rapture almost too deep for words.

"Why did you do it, Faith?" he demanded presently. "Why did you break my heart when we loved each other so?"

She hid her eyes from him and leaned heavily against him.

"Oh, Blair, didn't you know? It was your sister—she wished you to marry her friend Isabel. She came to me and said—but what does it matter now? I was so young and so very foolish. I couldn't bear you to think—and so I just ran away with him. But he was very kind,"

she finished loyally. "As long as he lived he was always kind and good to me."

"Mummy," interrupted a puzzled little voice, "will you please 'splain to me about it all? I thought he was my Mr. Scott."

She drew away from Blair hastily and gathered the child in her arms, covering the wistful little face with kisses. Blair stooped down and put his arms around them both.

"I am your Mr. Scott, dear boy," he reassured him. "But I was your mother's long ago, when I wasn't very much bigger than you are now and she had long curls and wore pinafores. "And look," he went on, with a quick change of tone, "here is something I brought you—a Christmas gift!"

As he drew the box of bonbons from his pocket something fell from it to the floor. It was his card he had given Charlie the night before. "I hadn't expected to have my Christmas bread returned to me so soon," he remarked whimsically, smiling down into the child's delighted face.

"Your Christmas bread?" the little voice repeated wonderingly, Then his brown eyes brightened and he grew eager with interest. "Oh, I know what you mean. Father Cartwright 'splaind it to me once. You mean the bread that comes back 'after many days.'"

Blair looked beyond the child to Faith, a long look of unutterable things. "Yes," he said reverently, "the bread that comes back after many days

through the mercy of God."

Ingratitude

V. D.

Oh, what bitterness to know
That the presents you bestow
Will be spurned by those who owe
All their happiness to you!

Jesus' daily lot is this,
For His gift of endless bliss
Many from their minds dismiss—
Grateful souls, alas! are few.

A Lullaby of Loveliness

ALEXANDER J. CODY, S. J.

The forest trees were humming
A little heaven's tune;
They heard the Angels singing,
Beneath the winter moon,
A lullaby of loveliness
The world had lost too soon.

The little Christ Child listening,
Drooped curly head and slept:
The Maiden Mother watching,
Her contemplation kept:
Worn Rachel in her mourning
Bowed widowed head and wept.

The forests still are humming
A song for every heart,
A lullaby of loveliness
To soothe each sorrow's smart,
The lullaby of Angels
With God's diviner art.

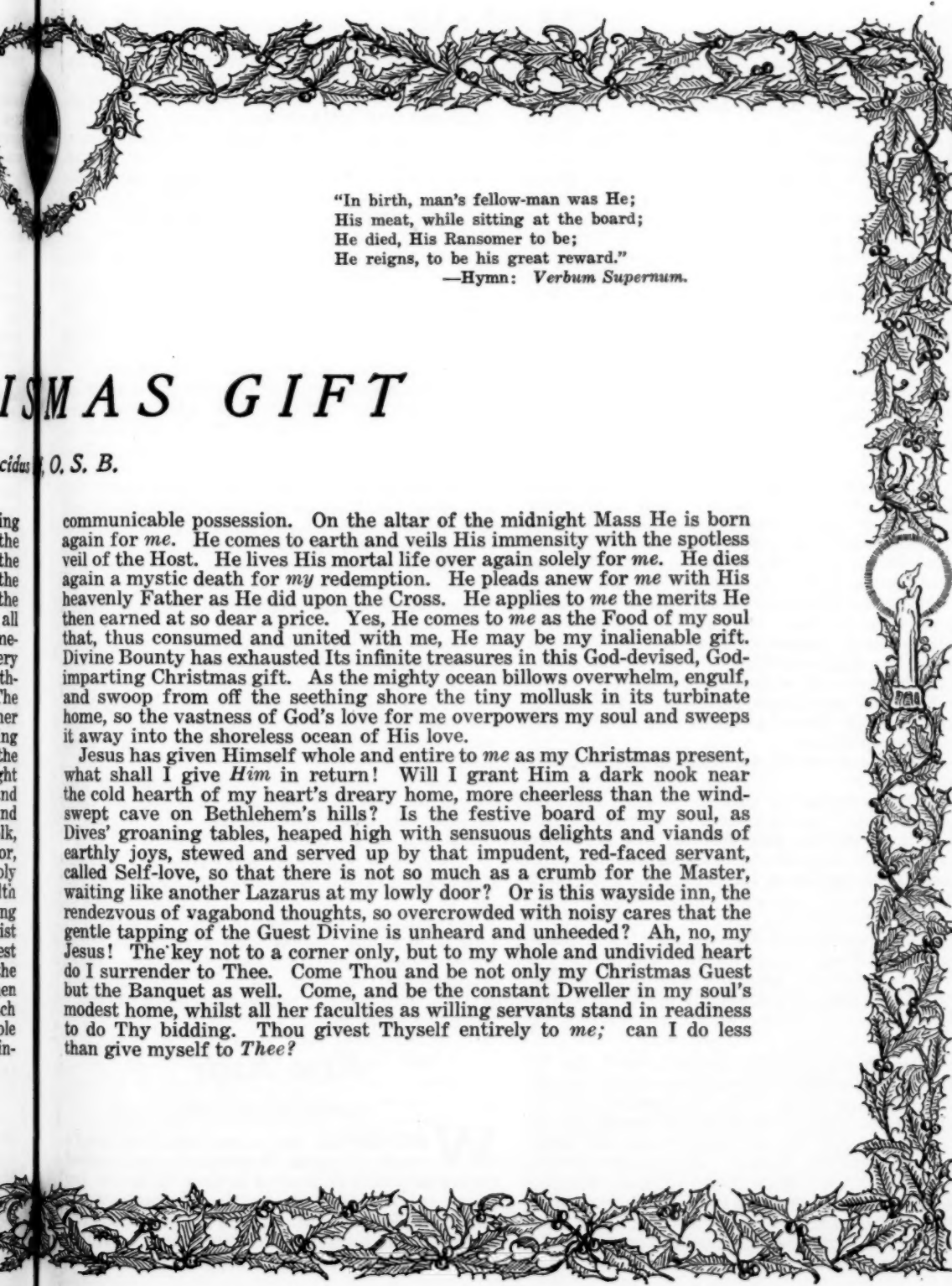
"Se nascens dedit socium;
Convalescens in edulium;
Se moriens in pretium;
Se regnans dat in praemium."

MY CHRISTMAS

Placidus O. S.



HE jewelled stars that centuries ago formed a sparkling canopy over the lowly cradle of the Infant Savior outside the inhospitable walls of crowded Bethlehem, to-night form the crystal galaxy that marks the coming again to earth of the true Light of the World, begotten by the Father "from the womb before the day star," begotten continually from all eternity, and being born anew every moment of time somewhere on the countless altars of God's redeemed earth. Every dedicated church is a Holy Land, every consecrated altar stone a new Bethlehem. The twinkling stars have given place to the flickering candles. The same adoring spirits hover nigh. Mary and Joseph, the virginal mother and virgin foster father are here replaced by the consecrating, care-taking priest. Before him on the immaculate linens, the swaddling clothes of the Eucharistic Babe, lies the same Infant that on the first Christmas night smiled up into the enraptured gaze of Its joy-beaming Mother, and stretched forth Its chubby little hands, pleading mutely to be taken up and pressed to her loving heart. The shepherds are here, simple, upright folk, from every walk of life, summoned to the new birthplace of the Savior, Who is Christ the Lord, by the befriended, holy messengers. Truly, the Holy Night has come again with all its touching beauty, radiant joy and wealth of blessing. It is Christmas, the season of giving, the time of bestowing gifts, measured in worth by the love of the giver, inaugurated by the Christ Child, Who gave the children of men the Gift of gifts, and the strongest proof of His infinite love by giving Himself. To His finite creatures the infinite Creator gives *Himself* as their Christmas gift. Yet not to all men in general, to be held as a gift in common, and to be parcelled out to each as the five loaves to the hungry multitude, but as a personal gift, whole and entire to each individual soul. Jesus becomes *my* own, undivided, in-



"In birth, man's fellow-man was He;
His meat, while sitting at the board;
He died, His Ransomer to be;
He reigns, to be his great reward."

—Hymn: *Verbum Supernum*.

CHRISTMAS GIFT

by O. S. B.

communicable possession. On the altar of the midnight Mass He is born again for *me*. He comes to earth and veils His immensity with the spotless veil of the Host. He lives His mortal life over again solely for *me*. He dies again a mystic death for *my* redemption. He pleads anew for *me* with His heavenly Father as He did upon the Cross. He applies to *me* the merits He then earned at so dear a price. Yes, He comes to *me* as the Food of my soul that, thus consumed and united with me, He may be my inalienable gift. Divine Bounty has exhausted Its infinite treasures in this God-devised, God-imparting Christmas gift. As the mighty ocean billows overwhelm, engulf, and swoop from off the seething shore the tiny mollusk in its turbate home, so the vastness of God's love for me overpowers my soul and sweeps it away into the shoreless ocean of His love.

Jesus has given Himself whole and entire to *me* as my Christmas present, what shall I give *Him* in return! Will I grant Him a dark nook near the cold hearth of my heart's dreary home, more cheerless than the wind-swept cave on Bethlehem's hills? Is the festive board of my soul, as Dives' groaning tables, heaped high with sensuous delights and viands of earthly joys, stewed and served up by that impudent, red-faced servant, called Self-love, so that there is not so much as a crumb for the Master, waiting like another Lazarus at my lowly door? Or is this wayside inn, the rendezvous of vagabond thoughts, so overcrowded with noisy cares that the gentle tapping of the Guest Divine is unheard and unheeded? Ah, no, my Jesus! The key not to a corner only, but to my whole and undivided heart do I surrender to Thee. Come Thou and be not only my Christmas Guest but the Banquet as well. Come, and be the constant Dweller in my soul's modest home, whilst all her faculties as willing servants stand in readiness to do Thy bidding. Thou givest Thyself entirely to *me*; can I do less than give myself to *Thee*?

Back Home

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

BACK HOME the maple leaves were yellow and the sumac flared in a shout of flame. A haze hung in the air. The kitchen was smelly with preserving and pickling. Clare Ludden stood in the doorway of her schoolhouse on the edge of the desert and looked with eyes that saw not. Before her were countless acres of cactus, mesquite and greasewood. The school stood on a little elevation and gave a view to the entire countryside—cactus, greasewood, little mesquite trees, yellow dust, blue skies, snow-crowned hills in the distance, and eternal wind.

The schoolhouse was adobe, the color of the soil from which it sprang. Its window jambs and door frames were painted a bright pink, in the proper New Mexican fashion.

Clare Ludden wanted to go home, away from the sand and the hot wind; back to the sleet and snow; father, mother, brother and sister. She had never been away from home on Christmas and now—. She leaned against the pink door jamb and wept in reckless abandon.

Of course, she could not go home. She knew that perfectly well. She had no funds. Wisconsin was an expensive trip—Wisconsin, mother, father, Lula and Bob.

"What you cryin' for, Miss Clare?"

The soft sand had given no sound to the horse's hoofs. Tom Lawrence was smiling kindly down upon her.

"Because I cannot go home Christmas," she answered.

"Its six weeks to Christmas and you may own the entire mine by then," he comforted.

"I invested only fifty dollars," she reminded.

"I know a lady who invested fifty and in three months she got back three hundred," he nobly improvised.

"Oh, if I would!"

"You stand a good chance, Miss Clare, a better chance than anyone I know. Dry your eyes. You are comin' to the dance with me to-night," said Tom, who was manager of the Wishwell Mine.

Through the crackled meadows with the tall pines white with the falling snow, Clare Ludden drove toward home. The twilight hurtled itself into the night. The lights of the farmhouse streamed forth. Clare jumped from the cutter and ran into the kitchen. Her mother's arms were about her. Lula and Bob were hugging her at once. Now mother was helping father off with his great coat and chatting like a magpie. "You surely must be cold, Tom. Clare is young and she don't mind it."

Oh, it was wonderful to be home! Out of the shining silver circle of the dining room table, with its festoons of bamboo and holly, she went up to her own little room.

It was as she left it. A spray of light blazed like a golden star in its shadows—the Christmas Candle in the white-curtained window. She stood by it and looked out into the scattering clouds that foretold the coming moonlight. Out on the wooded hillside she could discern the quivering ash tree. The first moonbeams flickered palely about it.

It was good to be at home! She allowed herself to think of Tom Lawrence. She had not seen him the day she left. One of her students told her he had gone on Number Two the day before, and Two was the east bound train.

Her brother's voice came up the stairs to her: "Oh, you, Clare! The Shepherds are parking their camels here! Their top rider is Tom Lawrence, late of San Marcial, New Mexico!"

Christmas came and went. Clare could not return to San Marcial with its drab outlook and lack of culture. At home there was civilization, friends, and Church. She would teach here, and failing to get a school, she would work in a store.

Tom came to say good-bye. He was going back to-morrow.

"Think you will miss the pretty sunsets of San Marcial, and the night noises?"

"No," she answered primly.

"Nor the gallops we took over the sands?"

"Yes," she said with an intake of breath, "but you will soon have someone else riding with you."

"You sure had a nice Catechism class for Father Albin, and you was doin' real good in your community work," he kept on.

She was silent.

"I will have to go," he said rising. "Good-bye, Clare, and if you ever come West again, look me up."

He was going! He was in the hall! His hand was on the door! And then a young tempest threw itself into his arms—a tempest of tears and laughter; of snow and moonlight; of sands and sun and wind. "Tom, take me with you," the tempest said.

Nano Nagle

FLORENCE GILMORE

WHENEVER all seems lost for God's cause in some harrassed, persecuted corner of God's church, it is time to watch for great souls athirst to do the Master's work, and capable of doing it, and to see the wonderful combination of circumstances which favor them in spite of all that narrow prejudice

and unjust laws can do to hinder. Again and again the story has been repeated, in one land after another: England, during post-Reformation days; in nineteenth-century France; in Mexico, to-day; and in Ireland, through all the long years of her sorrow, heroic sons and daughters kept the Faith vigorously alive while its foes were glorying in the prospect of its speedy death. Such a one was Nano Nagle.

Two hundred years ago—in 1728—she was born at Ballygriffin, in County Cork: a child destined to lead an eventful and interesting and exceptionally holy life, and to leave behind her a new but well established Order, which still works wonders for the souls of poor children in Ireland and in other, far-distant lands.

Neither unusual ability nor unusual piety were rare in the family from which she sprung. Father Matthew, the world-famous "Apostle of Temperance," was a relative; the great orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, was another; and her parents were well educated, in comfortable circumstances, and staunchly Catholic, when to be a Catholic in Ireland entailed the sacrifice of all that ambition holds dear.

While Nano Nagle was a child the English Government tolerated no Catholic schools in its dominions, so she received her early education at home. A day came when her parents could teach her no more, and then the shy, pretty, winsome, country-bred girl was sent to Paris to continue her studies and to see a little of the great world. Close relatives of the family were living in France at the time, attached in some capacity to the suite of the exiled King James III of England; and Nano was thrown into the companionship of the famous and fashionable folk of the day and attended brilliant functions at the gay French court. Girllike, she loved it all: the excitement, the glamor, the fine clothes, and the dancing. She was but twenty years of age, and the world looked very bright and very sweet to her.

Early one morning, as she returned from a ball, after having danced away the night, Nano saw a number of poor working men and women waiting near the door of a church. At first she did not understand the significance of the group, but in answer to her questions she was told that those poor people heard Mass every morning on their way to work, and were then waiting at the church door until it should be opened for the first Mass. The contrast between such quiet, toilsome, prayerful lives and her own useless and dangerously gay one cut her to the heart. From that hour Nano Nagle ceased to live for pleasure and gave herself whole-heartedly to God.

The festivities of the court circle knew her no more; but in some of the Parisian churches she became a familiar figure, as she fought her

way to a determination to devote herself to the Catholic education of poor Irish children. With this work in mind she returned home, in 1750, only to find that the penal laws were being so strictly enforced that to open a Catholic school seemed utterly impossible. Greatly disappointed, Nano went back to France and entered a convent as a postulant.

A few weeks' trial there served but to convince her and her superiors that her predestined work was among the poor of her native land. Her father died at this time, and her mother and sister went to Dublin to live, and there Nano joined them, determined to organize a school for poor Catholic girls in quiet defiance of the Government. Some ladies had already opened a small school in the city, and while she was studying its workings both her mother and sister died. Homeless now, Nano went to Cork where a brother and other relatives were living.

In Cork, at her own expense, she secretly opened a school for poor girls, gathering her pupils from the poorest and roughest quarters of the city. When her resources ran low, she begged her relatives to help her, but—with little faith in her venture, and quite possibly in disapproval of it—not one among them would advance so much as a shilling. Who can greatly blame them?

But Nano had the patient persistence of the saints, who never take no for an answer when God's interests are at stake. Her family soon found that every refusal on their part was followed by a new and more ingeniously presented plea on hers; and in time some of them agreed to assist her. At once Nano arranged not only to keep open her little school for girls, but to start another for boys and a home for destitute old women.

From this hour until her death, at the age of fifty-six years, she worked without respite. She taught in all her schools, devoting herself particularly to class in Christian Doctrine and to the preparation of little ones for their First Holy Communion; she opened new schools, went frequently into the most squalid parts of the city in quest of pupils, and begged from door to door for the money necessary to meet her ever increasing expenses. It was said in Cork at the time that there was not a garret in the city which she did not know. Seeing that her work was accomplishing good, even from a purely human point of view, the Government officials wisely closed their eyes to it; and, emboldened by their leniency, Nano secured from France four Ursuline nuns to work in her home and schools. She took the precaution, however, to obtain permission for them to wear secular dress for some years.

This arrangement, on which Miss Nagle had builded high hopes, did not prove satisfactory.

The rule of the Ursulines directs them to devote themselves particularly to the education of girls of the upper classes; her work was confined to the poorest of the poor; and, at length, while remaining in close intimacy with the Ursulines, Miss Nagle was forced to found a congregation which should be perfectly adapted to her purpose.

She made a novitiate with a few companions who had already gathered about her; and in 1776, at the age of forty, Nano became a religious under the name of Mother Mary of St. John of God. The nuns were known as the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and Nano was chosen first superior.

It is marvellous that her strength held out even as long as it did, when the strain put upon it is realized. Every day she taught for seven hours and gave four to prayer; and she had, beside, to attend to the innumerable duties imposed upon her by her position. She was abroad in every sort of inclement weather; she was always tired; she was sometimes hungry. Early in the year 1784 she fell ill, and on the twentieth of April she died very peacefully. Her last words besought her daughters to spend themselves for the poor: and surely she had practiced heroically what she gently preached.

So deeply and surely had Nano Nagle laid its foundations that her congregation prospered signally even after she was taken from it. The rule, founded on that of St. Augustine, was approved by Pius VI, and the Congregation was raised to the status of a Religious Order by Pius VII. The name was changed to Order of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by which it is still known. Its convents have multiplied in Ireland, where there are upwards of a hundred to-day, and have taken root in England, Australia, India, and the United States.

Nano Nagle's life—a series of seemingly fruitless endeavors and repeated failures—ended in the triumph of all that she had dared to hope: triumph of the silent, noble sort that is honored within God's Church and almost unknown outside it.

The Night before Christmas

(Continued from page 355)

"Who is he?" he demanded hoarsely. "What is he to you?"

Bewilderment came into her eyes—bewilderment, and then the dawn of pained understanding. Oh, was this why? Did this explain that fateful Christmas so many years before when the young husband, whom she believed passionately devoted to her, had vanished from her life with no word of explanation? Did it have something to do with Jim, the loved, young prodigal

brother who had returned home that night after the long, long absence when they had believed him dead? Oh, why had she never thought of that before? But, oh, Carl, Carl, to be so foolish!

"He is my brother," she said simply. "My brother, Jim."

Carl Marden sank upon a chair and buried his face in his trembling hands. "Your brother!" he said chokingly. "And I thought—oh, God, God forgive me!"

Jim Dean looked at his sister's face and went hastily from the room. He felt, all at once, that his presence was not needed in this last act of the drama. He was, it seemed, the villain in the play, although he didn't yet know what it was all about, but certainly it was time for his exit. The curtain, if he knew anything about a woman, was about to descend on the conventional scene of the hero and heroine in each other's arms.

"Jim," he said to himself, as he went, "it's time for the moonlight and soft music. You're *de trop*; you're excess baggage; you're absolutely just something that the cat dragged in, and you're not needed. Make yourself scarce, Old Timer, make yourself very, very small and scarce!" And he crawled into an easy chair behind the kitchen stove and went peacefully to sleep.

* * * * *
Morning—and Christmas. The clock struck six. Four soft giggles disturbed the quiet of the upstairs. Four pairs of slippered feet crept softly down the front stairs; four pairs of bright, exploring eyes peeped into the shadowy living room. And then four shouts rang to the four corners of the Christmas world: "He *has* been here—he has—he *has*! Hurray!"

Carl Marden lifted his tall figure from the divan before the fire, and his wife arose and stood beside him. Together they looked at the four happy children and smiled.

"If you mean that old guy named Santa Claus," said Carl Marden, in a voice that was wonderfully gentle and happy, "he most certainly has! And you are not the only ones whom he remembered, thank God!"

"Thank God!" said Margaret Marden.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Charles grasped his twin's arm and gasped audibly. "Did you see what I saw? Did he, or didn't he?"

Kit Lou looked at her brother, and nodded solemnly. "Yes, I did," she said in an awestricken voice. "He did. He kissed her."

"Righto!" said Uncle Carl, and twinkled his eyes at them shamelessly across the shining meshes of his wife's hair. "And, furthermore, young folks, if you don't want to be still more shocked, just look the other way, for I'm going to do it again." And he did—a half dozen times—beneath the Christmas mistletoe.

The December Calendar in Brief

V. D.

Although the Church's year begins anew with the first Sunday of Advent, the succession of Saints' feasts is like the endless tread on the tractor—it goes on without interruption. The appearance of a new figure in the procession of Saints may now and then attract unusual attention, but Holy Mother Church keeps them marching before our mind's eye that we may, by observing them, imitate their noble example and thereby be worthy of one day joining their ranks.

Three Benedictine abbots head the December contingent of this grand procession on *Dec. 1*. They are Blessed Richard Whiting, the last abbot of Glastonbury, Blessed Hugh Faringdon, abbot at Reading, and Blessed John Beche, abbot at Colchester, all loyal Englishmen but also loyal Catholics, for which latter loyalty they gave up their lives in the persecution under Henry the Eighth. Here at St. Meinrad these three servants of God are pictured on one of the art windows in the Abbey Church, which is a copy of a famous window in Westminster Cathedral.

December 3 brings to our minds the sacrifice which St. Francis Xavier, patron of missionaries and also of the missions, had to make in order to spread the knowledge of the true faith in the Indies and Japan. His example encourages us to make small sacrifices in the shape of prayers and alms for the sake of the missions.

St. Nicholas, archbishop of Myra in Asia Minor, is remembered on *Dec. 6*. The custom which makes Santa Claus responsible for all the good things received at Christmas is a perpetual memorial to the act of charity St. Nicholas performed by secretly throwing an alms in at the window of a house occupied by three young women to save them from the disgrace with which their poverty threatened them.

On *December 7* we are reminded of the holy life of the great Latin doctor, St. Ambrose. His sermons on the beauty and reward of virginity were so captivating that mothers strove to prevent their daughters from attending them, lest they should be led to embrace the virginal life.

For centuries the all-absorbing theme of learned discussions and the sublime subject of lofty poetry and of exquisite masterpieces of art, the Immaculate Conception of Mary (*Dec. 8*) holds a charming place among the many feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Like nearly every other Catholic truth, the belief in the Immaculate Conception was attacked both in secret and openly before it was finally proclaimed a dogma by Pope Pius IX in 1854. May the very thought of Mary's spotlessness serve to renew our noble resolves to keep our souls unsullied.

In the middle of the Octave of the Blessed Virgin the priest wears red vestments at the altar on *Dec. 13* to remind us of a young girl, St. Lucy, who shed her blood to preserve her virginity. As this "wise virgin" waited for her Heavenly Bridegroom with a lighted lamp in her hand, so let each of us make ready to re-

ceive the Spouse of Whose coming the entire season of Advent gives timely warning.

The apostle, St. Thomas, comes before us on *Dec. 21* to convince us of the reality of Christ's human flesh after His Resurrection from the dead. He holds up his doubting fingers which were laid in the side of the Master, thus strengthening our belief in the Word made Flesh, Christ our Lord, who was born on Christmas day.

And now the season of unbounded joy opens, the Church moves out in the full daylight of her liturgical splendor, for the "Sun of Justice" has arisen, and the powers of night and darkness are confounded. The courts of heaven are amazed at the prodigy of the Incarnation, and the earth vibrates with the thrill of the angels' message of "peace to men of good will." Let the spirit of the *Gloria in Excelsis* animate the souls of all men and bring them to pay their humble homage at the Crib of their humble Savior.

Close upon Christmas follow the solemn feasts of St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr (*Dec. 26*), St. John, the Beloved Disciple (*Dec. 27*), whose inspired sentences concerning the Word of God are read as the last gospel at nearly every Holy Mass, and the Holy Innocents (*Dec. 28*), who reached heaven by the baptism of blood, the first-fruits of the Incarnation.

On *Dec. 29* the Church presents for our veneration the zealous archbishop of Canterbury, St. Thomas à Becket, who died a martyr's death in defense of the rights of the Church.

Pope St. Sylvester I is honored on the *last day of December*. It was during his pontificate that the Church, liberated from the tyrannical yoke of persecution, began to spread into distant lands in order to bring all nations under the headship of Christ.

The Carols of Christmastide

V. D.

The spirit of Christmas gave rise to the crib and the carol, both of which are adequate exponents of the Christian notion of our Blessed Lord's Nativity. Their relation to one another may be aptly compared to the relation between the senses of sight and hearing which they affect, since it is probable that the first Christmas carol was sung by the humble peasants of the Italian town of Grecia, near Assisi, as they knelt in reverent adoration around the first Christmas crib, erected for them by St. Francis in 1200.

The history of Christmas carols shows gradual development, as does everything else which is grand or noble enough to make history. In the fourteenth century Catholic communities in England introduced the enacting of the principal mysteries of the Catholic faith, and singing by the clergy formed a pleasing interlude between the scenes of these Mystery and Miracle Plays, as they came to be called. From this custom, it was an easy step to the separation of the musical part from the dramatic portion of the play, and as a result the singing of carols soon became quite a popular thing all over England. The early English Christmas carols

(Continued on page 374)



KWEERY CORNER

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.



Rules for the Question Box

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

The "Kweery Korner"

With the first issue of the New Year, 1929, THE GRAIL will open a "Question Box" under the title: "KWEERY KORNER." Upon the kind invitation of the editor of THE GRAIL and with the sanction of his Superiors, the present writer has been assigned the pleasant task of conducting the new feature in this estimable publication.

It may not be out of place to modestly venture the statement that the newly appointed editor of "Kweery Korner" has found it his duty in the past eight years to answer many questions in the course of missions and retreats. These questions have covered a very wide range and have been proposed by almost every class of people from school children to priests. To have been so engaged naturally brings with it a helpful experience. And in the light of this experience the editor of "Kweery Korner" may be pardoned if he offers a few suggestions as to the manner in which, and the rules according to which, the "Question Box" will be conducted.

First of all, let it be understood that "Kweery Korner" is intended to furnish answers to questions of a spiritual or religious nature only. "Kweery Korner" is not a bureau of information on universal topics. To receive an answer in "Kweery Korner," the question must have some bearing on religion or morality. All questions having to do with dogmatic teaching, moral laws, ecclesiastical affairs, Church history, liturgical matters, in fine, anything that pertains to man's spiritual nature will be welcomed and an answer given, if such is possible. The editor of "Kweery Korner" reserves the right to decide whether the question should find place on the page.

Secondly, the answers to the questions will be made as brief as possible. It is the intention to give the salient point or points of the correct answer. Where questions are of such a nature as to demand a lengthy answer, the reply will be to indicate where the answer may be found.

Further, the question must be one that can be answered safely in a public maner. Many questions there are which should be answered individually or by a confessor. For that reason it must be definitely understood at once that private replies to personal questions will not be furnished, for the editor of "Kweery Korner" is a very busy missionary, constantly engaged in

conducting missions and retreats; to carry on an individual correspondence is both against his rules and practically impossible.

Questions once answered in "Kweery Korner" will not be answered a second time. The aim is to cover in each issue of the magazine an entirely new line of topics.

It need hardly be mentioned that spite questions, uncharitable questions, and all questions that imply personal criticism of clergy or laity will absolutely receive no consideration.

"Kweery Korner" is open to all, irrespective of color, race, or creed.

The editor of "Kweery Korner" will do his best to answer the questions in the order received and in as early an issue as possible.

It is the fond hope and the pious prayer of the management of THE GRAIL, and of the editor of this new feature, that Kweery Korner will prove of great benefit to all readers. A healthy curiosity in matters religious is a very desirable quality in our Catholics: to satisfy that very legitimate curiosity in a pleasing and appreciative manner is the aim of all connected with the magazine. May God bless the questioners, the readers of the page, and the editors of THE GRAIL, is the greeting of

Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.,

St. Benedict's Abbey,

Atchison, Kansas,

Editor of "Kweery Korner."

Our Frontispiece

Of all the days of the month of December the Savior's Birthday stands forth preeminent in dignity, significance, and joy. Christmas makes happy children of us all. We hardly need the Church's invitation: "Oh, hasten to Bethlehem to worship the Lord!" The little Babe is the giant magnet that draws our heart irresistibly to Him. Each of us hastens to the crib to do homage to the Christ Child in his own little way. To aid our poor heart, seeking its God by the light of the lamp of faith, in framing proper sentiments of praise, adoration, and love, Holy Mother Church makes use of impressive architecture, inspiring sculpture, life-breathing canvases, soul-stirring prayers, and elevating hymns and sacred music. In this picture the artist, Suessmaier, depicts all the arts in their most exalted use, in the service of the newborn King. Christ, the Divine Artist, Architect, and Builder, has come to earth to pose as our Model and to help us form His Image in our soul by constant, painstaking imitation of the virtues of His mortal life. To encourage us in our toilsome task He bestows on each tiny effort His all-transforming and vivifying blessing.—P. K.

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—What part of the brain is necessary for you as you read these lines? Is another part necessary as you think over the question? Localization of parts in the brain necessary for the senses and for thinking has occupied the attention of philosophers and physiologists for centuries. In recent years, the textbooks present pictures of the brain with various areas marked off like to a map showing the states in the country. An article in 'The New Scholasticism,' published by the Catholic University Press, reviews the question of localization in the brain, and makes the following statement. 'Research of recent years will undoubtedly necessitate a revision of the orthodox doctrine of cerebral localization as taught in current textbooks of physiology and handbooks of psychology.'

—The position of Catholics towards evolution has never been defined by the Church. Some writers go so far as to say that as long as the creation of the soul by God is admitted, the evolution of the human body from the brute could also be admitted by Catholics. But to be in harmony with Catholic doctrine, one must hold the descent of the entire human race from a single couple. The Catholic doctrine of original sin, universal for all mankind, postulates this. In the facts adduced for evolution, we do not find one male and one female evolving at exactly the same time to the same degree. Hence it is also highly improbable that from animal stock, two beings, a man and a woman, evolved at precisely the same time to such a degree, that God saw fit to bestow human souls on both.

—An article in the *Truth* calls attention to the 'Attitude of the Church towards Progress in the Physical Sciences.' It is calumny repeated from the earliest ages that the Catholic Church is opposed to progress in science. This calumny is strong in English-speaking countries, due to the publication of Draper, White, and Huxley. Huxley, in his 'Lay Sermons,' wrote of 'our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church.' Such charges against the Church are surprising, when the writers were surely acquainted with Catholic names in science, such as Pasteur, Mendel, Roentgen, and many others. The Vatican Council calls attention to the fact that God is the author of both the natural and the supernatural, and hence no real conflict can ever exist between science and religion. The Council advises, in case of apparent conflict, that the real meaning of both parties be first ascertained. As to the practice of the Church, one need only call attention to the foundation in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of the great universities of Europe. A few names of Catholic scientists might be mentioned. We have Fallopeus, Versalius, and Pasteur, in medicine; Cuvier, de Rapparent, Deville, in geology; Galvani, Volta, Ampere, Coulomb, and Ohm as household names in electricity; Lavoisier, Dumas, Chrevreul, in chemistry; Roentgen in the

field of X-rays. Also among the Catholic clergy many illustrious names are to be found. Nicholas Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy, entered the ecclesiastical state. Angelo Secchi, of the Society of Jesus, was one of the great astronomers of the nineteenth century. A pioneer of modern chemistry was the Benedictine monk, Basil Valentine. To Valentine we owe the discovery of many chemical substances, such as hydrochloric acid. His chief work was on the properties of antimony. On old story, not well founded, gives an interesting account of the origin of the name antimony. Valentine, observing that antimony, fed to swine, increased their appetites and flesh, determined to try secretly the same diet for certain frail and gaunt monks. But alas! what was good for the hogs did not work for the monks,—it had opposite effects. Hence the name antimony,—that is, opposed to monks. Antimony, however, has many excellent medicinal properties, which resulted from the pioneer work of this humble son of St. Benedict. A great name in geology and anatomy is Nicholas Stensen, a Bishop of the Church, who also after his conversion and ordination, continued the studies that gave him a name in science. The foundation of crystallography was laid by Abbé Haüy. In the domain of biology, Abbot Gregory Mendel, of the Augustinian Order, discovered the main principles which underlie the transmission of hereditary traits. The Catholic may justly be proud of the part played by members of his faith in the field of science.

—If you follow the fashions of science in extreme evolution, you will soon be tired in rearranging your ancestral gallery. Instead of the simple Adam and Eve, there was so often proposed the Pithecanthropus, who begot Heidelberg, who begot Piltown, who begot Neanderthal. Then followed predecessors, instead of ancestors,—who went before but were only uncles and aunts of the real ancestors. To this class the so-called Neanderthal man was relegated in 1900. But this place has again been disputed by a recent lecture of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka,—so the gallery of man's supposed ancestors must again be rearranged.

—We see not only with the eyes but also with the mind. In this respect, babies do not see till they are three weeks old. It takes about that long for the function of sight to adjust itself.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—According to some automobile dealers the shortest distance between two points is a straight eight.

—Motor cars do not make us lazy—if we are pedestrians.

—The main thing kept out of politics is a large percent of the votes.

—Hard-boiled, scientific knowledge is seldom bound in limp leather.

—In spite of the eighteenth amendment, some people wonder what causes the white rings on the tables.

—One patient, having received directions for a strict diet, innocently asked if it was to be taken before or after meals.

—The new airplane that rises and descends vertically may be the first step in evolution of a perfect pedestrian.

COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—The feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Spain, on Oct. 5, is celebrated with great solemnity at the national shrine of the same name. A solemn vigil with nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and midnight Mass precede the festivities. After Pontifical High Mass at the shrine, the king in the name of the Spanish nation hands the bejewelled crown to the Primate of Spain, now Cardinal Segura, who performs the coronation ceremony. Military honors are then given Our Lady, whose statue is carried in a large procession through the town. An immense crowd of many thousands gathered for the ceremonies this year.

—Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., the well-known writer of popular fiction for boys, died on Nov. 2 at Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati. Father Finn was a native of St. Louis, where he was born on Oct. 4, 1859. At the age of twenty-two he was professed as a Jesuit and twelve years later, in 1893, was ordained to the priesthood.

—In the Church of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, at Cleveland, Bishop Schrembs gave the sacrament of confirmation to 300 Negroes, of whom seventy were children. Of the 230 adults many were converts.

—Miss Helen Moriarty, of Columbus, Ohio, dropped dead on the street shortly after attending the afternoon services at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Nov. 11. Miss Moriarty was formerly associate editor of the *Catholic Columbian*, and contributor of verse and the short story to various papers and magazines, including *THE GRAIL*.

—At the inauguration of the fifth rector of the Catholic University, Rt. Rev. Mgr. James H. Ryan, on Nov. 14, was a notable gathering of clergy and laity. Among others present were three cardinals, the Apostolic Delegate, nine other archbishops, sixty-four bishops, monsignori, two abbots, hundreds of priests, brothers, and sisters. Foremost among the laity were President and Mrs. Coolidge; then diplomats, ambassadors, supreme judges; also, in academic gown, representatives of most of the universities in the country. On this auspicious occasion Archbishop Curley, who is Chancellor of the University, conferred upon President Coolidge the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

—The Graham Brothers—Joseph B., Robert G., and Ray A.—internationally-known automobile manufacturers of Detroit, Mich., were recently created Knights of St. Gregory by Pope Pius XI. The formal ceremony of conferring the knighthood took place during Solemn High Mass at St. Simon's Church, Washington, Ind., on Nov. 19. The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, presented these gentlemen with the insignia of their rank.—The Graham Brothers are natives of Washington, but the automobile industry,

which they took over several years ago, requires residence at Detroit. The Holy Father conferred this distinction upon them for their many benefactions to the cause of religion.

—Ludwig Baron von Pastor, Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See, historian of world-wide fame, and author of the "History of the Popes Since the End of the Middle Ages," a monumental work in sixteen volumes, died recently at the age of seventy-five. Thirteen volumes of this great historical work have been issued. The material for the remaining three volumes was compiled by the great historian. These will be published later.

Benedictine

—Dom Fernand Cabrol, O. S. B., Abbot of Farnborough, passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his abbatial benediction on Sept. 9. Dom Cabrol, who is known far and near, especially for his liturgical writings, will be seventy-three on Dec. 11. The golden jubilee of his religious profession occurred on Sept. 29, 1927. Farnborough Abbey belongs to the French Congregation of Benedictines.

—Albert Yong Ann Yuen, who is said to be the first Chinese to enter the Benedictine Order, made his religious profession as Brother Thaddeus in the Abbey of St. André at Lophem near Bruges in Belgium, on October 5. Bro. Thaddeus became a Christian while attending college at Ostend.

—The new guest house and enlarged chapel of the Trappist monastery at New Mellary, Iowa, were dedicated on Oct. 28 by Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque. This day marked the eightieth anniversary of the monks' arrival in the Archdiocese. Bishop Rohmann, of Davenport, celebrated the Pontifical High Mass.

—According to the *St. John's Record* the reorganizing of Assumption Abbey at Richardton, N. D., is progressing nicely. There are thirty students enrolled in the Abbey school.

—The liturgical apostolate at St. John's Abbey is growing. There is quite a demand for the literature that the apostolate has issued. Some of the pamphlets have gone through a number of editions, other pamphlets will soon be issued.

—November 15th was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the blessing of the Rt. Rev. Paul Schaeuble, O. S. B., as Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey at St. Benedict, La., near Covington. Abbot Paul made his religious profession at St. Meinrad on July 19, 1885. Four years later, on June 15, 1889, he was ordained to the priesthood. After a year spent in teaching at St. Meinrad, Father Paul was sent to New Orleans to St. Boniface Church, where he remained until the choice of the chapter of the newly erected St. Joseph's Abbey, which convened on June 26, 1903, fell upon him as their first abbot.

—The Benedictine Sisters Catherine Sturm and Barbara Ender celebrated the golden jubilee of their religious profession in the mother house at Ferdinand on the feast of St. Luke, Oct. 18.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

Christmas Bells

What magic in the words! Lives there a Christian on earth who does not feel a thrill running down his spine when the midnight stillness suddenly awakens to the joyous peals of the Christmas Bells? Bells giving tongue everywhere! Bells to the East, West, North, South—all over the city—far away, and close by in our own parish church. Bell tones being blown hither and thither on the wings of the icy blasts chasing each other over the roof tops and down the streets; bell tones mingling with the white purity of the snowflakes—dust from the streets of Heaven! And then the joyousness of hurrying folks, slanting against the gale, gasping with the cold, laughing, and blowing clouds of vapor into the air with each breath—hurrying where? Ah, to visit the Little Jesus, newly born in the crib of Bethlehem, to visit with His sweet Mother and devoted Foster Father. To midnight Mass, of course. Who could want to go anywhere else? People hurrying from all directions; friends, neighbors meeting each other—the time-honored greeting—"Merry Christmas! Same to you!"—the sweet tinkle of strangled instruments—"Holy Night," a delicate child voice singing—the beauty of the solemn High Mass—the moment of Holy Communion—ah, who would exchange it for all the Christmas parties and dances in the world!

Meanwhile, at the missions, far away over the prairie, the bells are ringing too for midnight Mass. The white of the tepees (Indian tents) mingles with the white of the snow. The snow piles high up their sides. The lighted church windows gleam from afar, since there is nothing to obscure the view for miles, and light up the fleecy blanket spread roundabout. Within, the roaring fire in the single stove tries in vain to melt the frost off the windows, the ice in the holy water font, and warm hands and toes of people and celebrant alike. Often, the holy elements turn to ice before they can be consumed. The wine and water in the cruets become solid, and the breath of the people rises to the ceiling and adheres to the walls, and instantly congeals like so much hoarfrost. There is a crib up front, of course, for the missionary always tries to provide this leading item of interest to his eager parishioners, however small and humble.

For the Indian is never weary of hearing over and over again the story of the birth of Christ in the sermon, and, after Mass, they flock to the crib, bringing the children, and there whisper and point and gaze to their heart's content.

Seven Dolors Mission

Luckily our good Father Ambrose has his nice little chapel all finished, though they haven't all the furnishings yet, and the Indians have at least a decent place in which to worship God, to hear Mass, to receive the sacraments, which is all their poverty-stricken lives hold for them. Our Lord loves them very much for their simplicity, their childlike piety, and for the poverty which is so very like His own. Can we wonder why the crib scene impresses the Indian heart so deeply? It is his own poverty which makes him understand the pathos of that birth in the lowly, forsaken stable—a God born in the same humble poverty as a little baby papoose which comes into the world in a cold, drafty log cabin with a mud floor, or worse still, a mere tent; and this, often in the dreadful temperatures of winter! He can understand that; he has been through such scenes often enough to know intimately what they mean—the cold, the misery, the lack of nourishing food, the scanty covering—ah, it were almost too heartrending to enumerate!

But Father Ambrose will try to give his Indians as good a Christmas as possible. He has a basement to his church, where they had planned to get a large cooking range, tables, and chairs to accommodate a crowd on just such occasions as this. There they will cook their coffee and roast their meats and keep warm during the time that they remain at the mission for the Christmas holiday.

Let Us Help

He will have a tree, of course, as he does every year, but it will be up to us to help him trim it. Many of us might be willing to send ornaments for it, but as glass balls would suffer in such a long journey, unless, of course, they were packed very, very carefully, it might be best just to send money for that purpose. Or purchase such things as will not easily break, such as bright tinsel pictures, yards of tinsel, red paper bells, and red and green garlanding by the yard, etc. The children might be willing to pop a dozen or so ears of corn and string it for the little Indian children's tree. Or the ladies may come across the appealing papier-mâché pussycats, dogs, and Santas in the ten cent store, which really would make a very good showing on a tree, and make a good toy for some eager baby as well; besides, they are light, and will not cost much to send.



Little one at the Seven Dolors Mission
with first signs of T B

Then, of course, there are always storybooks, toy watches, water color sets, crayons, tablets, lead pencils, dolls—celluloid and china, and various wagons and autos and airplanes made of tin, which pack well, do not easily break, and are light as well. Imagine these bright-eyed little children, as eager as our own white youngsters, some of whom have perhaps never had a toy or doll in their lives, when the sight of the tree bursts upon their view with even such inexpensive toys as the above-mentioned hanging upon its limbs! It simply spells Heaven to them!

Wouldn't you like to give an Indian kiddie a happy Christmas? Then begin at once to pick up little articles to send—perhaps there are some toys about the house that your children no longer want. Have them help to pack them—teach them the spirit of charity—glue, repair or paint them, to look as well as possible, add a little candy, and send off. It will give you as much joy, if not more, to send the package, as will be experienced by the recipients, and our Lord counts such tender acts of kindness as done to Himself.

Immaculate Conception Mission

Father Justin Snyder writes that his trip through Indiana and Kentucky in search of funds resulted in a little help for the new school building, St. Teresa's Hall, which is so badly needed. It is now under construction, but wind and bad weather are slowing it up. It is to be constructed of brick and tile, 70 feet long by 30 feet wide, with an additional L 28x28. Father says he would have liked very much to have made it two-story, but the funds will permit only one story; he also wished it to be fireproof, but will have to be content to make it merely fireproof. They have not yet received their new oven, and will have to plod along with the old, burnt-out one.

To help with the big increase of children which have applied for admittance this year, one more sister has been sent out, making eleven in all. The missionary is so happy to see the Indians bringing their children to be brought up in the Catholic Faith, that they cannot bear to turn anyone away. Pneumonia paid a visit to the school in September, claiming six victims. However, although other children were pretty sick, they managed to pull through, and all are now rapidly mending. Later: Sr. Theodore, O. S. B., is still another victim.

The following anecdote gives an insight into the character of the Indian. They have naturally a quick temper and, in dealing with them, the missionaries must be patient and understanding. Mrs. Hayes, an Indian woman, sent a note to Father Justin, saying that Daniel was very sick. Her son Daniel is a convert, and Father thought that she meant him. So he took the Blessed Sacrament, and some of the children and Sisters went along. The Hayes home is 30 miles southeast of the mission. However, when the party arrived, they found that the sick person was Mrs. Hayes' husband, Daniel. He was lying on the bed somewhat sick, but his real reason for calling Father was to beg his pardon for having got angry at him last June. Of course, Father assured him that all was forgiven, said some prayers for him, and the children and the Sisters sang a hymn. When they left he was much comforted.

Christmas Eve

The children have been practicing their Christmas play since late in October, and it promises to be a good one. Every Christmas Eve they give a play, which is witnessed by their assembled parents and small brothers and sisters, who are too little to go to school. Outside, the grounds are lined with white tents. The children go to confession in the afternoon, and the play is given at 8 o'clock, after which they have the tree and distribution of gifts. Each little child gets a few toys, and it is a pleasure to see their eager faces

light up with joy as each article is handed them. Then bedlam breaks loose; horns, whistles, toy musical instruments, etc., provided by kind donors, are worked overtime, and every heart is bursting with happiness.

Let us not forget to send a little something to this mission too; pick out your mission. The addresses are at the top of the mission page. Or send a little to each. Wouldn't you like to have a share in making a poor Indian child happy?

After the gift distribution the older Indians have confession, and next day the church is very, very crowded, and there are many Communion. Many Indians who cannot come all year because of the great distances they live from the mission, make it a point to come for the Christmas celebration, thinking nothing of the long, cold drive through the deep snow and bitter weather. Next morning, after High Mass, the children all leave for their Christmas vacation, and the Sisters get a much-needed rest.

Send Us Fancy Work

Anyone not being able to help the missions any other way, may send fancy work which they have made, to Clare Hampton, and this will be sold, and the proceeds sent to the missionaries. Last year several ladies sent us fancy work, which we readily sold, and sent nice sums therefrom to the missionaries.

Silver and Tin Foil

The following kind people have sent us silver and tin foil to be sold for the missions: M. I. A. School, E.
(Continued on page 380)



*Immaculate Conc. Indian School, Stephan, S. D.
Postoffice in foreground at left*



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—The wintry winds around us roar, the chilling blasts beat at the door; no bird song floats adown the hill, no more is seen the sparkling rill, that turns the wheel by the busy mill, for 'tis covered o'er with bridge of ice. Who says that winter time is nice?

But winter with its cold and snow, brings joy to many that I know. Here comes a boy with cap of red, hauling his sister on his sled; there's a group bound for the ice, hoping the weather'll "stay this nice," so they can skate and have some fun, before vacation is all done.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Everyone of you!

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God, and of good will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun!

—Whittier.

The dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new
born world.

—Boyesen.

This happy day whose risen sun
Shall set not through eternity,
This holy day when Christ the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity,
For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make,
We bring our precious gifts to them
Even for the dear Child Jesus' sake.
—Phoebe Cary.

At Christmastide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land.
And none are left to grieve alone,
For love in heaven and claims its own.
—Magaret Sangster.

I heard the bells on Christmas day,
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet, the words repeat,
Of "peace on earth, good will to men!"

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"
—Longfellow.

IN RETROSPECT

Children, as you read the story,
Of that first glad Christmas morn
How in Bethlehem's lowly stable,
The Blessed Christ was born,

Can't you hear the angel voices,
Floating downward from the sky,
Singing hymns of exultation,
"Glory be to God on high!"

Can't you see the shepherds kneeling
Near the humble little bed,
And the Baby smiling sweetly,
Golden halo 'round His head?

See the wise men with their camels,
Journey slowly from afar,
Bringing gifts of myrrh and incense,
Guided by a brilliant star?

Can't you see His Blessed Mother,
And St. Joseph standing near,
While the Baby smiles so sweetly,—
Angel whispers, He can hear!

Children, don't you love that Baby!
Beauteous Child, Divine!
Living now upon our altars
At this blessed Christmas time?

Love Him, children, love Him dearly,
Take him then into your heart,
Ask Him to remain forever,
Beg Him never to depart.

—Viola A. Brown.

JESUS' BIRTHDAY

P. K.

O little Jesus, born to-day,
I come my birthday gifts to lay
Before Thee. In the manger's stead
I offer you my love's warm bed.
My innocence I wish to be
A spotless dress that covers Thee.
But as Thy dearest gift, oh, take
My heart, to be Thy birthday cake,
Where burns a little candle bright,
My faith in Thee, O God of Might.

THE NORMAN BARON

There is no American poet who has written more beautiful songs than the loved author, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the "Norman Baron" the poet vividly portrays the death of a Norman baron at Christmas. A storm raged outside with such fury that the castle turret shook.

Death was clearly the gainer in this fight in spite of all the slaves he owned and the plundered lands that were his.

Realizing the proximity of the Grim Reaper, the baron had sent for a monk that he might make peace with God.

Above the roar of the tempest, sounds of pealing bells came stealing faintly, and the baron knew that the feast of the birth of the Infant Savior was being ushered in.

In the hall, the slaves and bondmen of the baron were holding a celebration in honor of Christmas, and so loudly did these Saxon gleemen sing, that the storm was heard but faintly. Even the dying baron in his terror-haunted chamber heard the music, and tears glistened in his eyes, perhaps at the thought that he should never again hear the sound of rejoicing that ushered in the blessed feast of Christmas. In the midst of the music he could distinguish these words,

"Wassail for the kingly stranger,
Born and cradled in the manger,
King like David, priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free."

And as he listened flashes of lightning revealed the pictures of the saints painted upon the walls. The baron shuddered, exclaiming, "Lord have mercy."

In that hour, when life was fast ebbing away, he clearly beheld the wrongs of his past life, and he resolved to set free all the slaves he owned, whether born to the estate or conquered in battle. The poet concludes with the beautiful thought that, although the baron has been dead for many hundreds of years, the good deed lives, grows brighter, and gleams immortal, "unconsumed by moth or rust."

Get down your volume of Longfellow and read this truly beautiful poem. It would take up too much space in our crowded Christmas number.

FORBID THEM NOT

The shepherds on the hillside
Are guarding grazing sheep,
While all the little lambskins
Lie lost in slumber deep.

Midnight tranquil, calm and quiet—
Not a sound upon the air—
Brilliant light breaks through the darkness—
Music! rapture!—everywhere.

Angel voices! joyful music!
"Glory be to God on high!"
While a star shone with such splendor
That it brightened all the sky.

"Peace on earth!" the sweetest music
Ever heard by mortal ear;
Then a bright and shining seraph
Bade the shepherds have no fear.

"Fear not, O gentle shepherds,
'Tis joyful news I bring
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"
The choirs of angels sing.

"To-day in David's city,
This blessed, blessed morn,
To the humble Virgin Mary
Was the promised Savior born.

"You shall find Him in a manger,
The infant Child divine,
His resting place a bed of straw;
The star shall be a sign."

Quickly sped the shepherds—
The humble cave they sought.
There on bended knees they worshipped
The wonders God had wrought.

Now we hail that Virgin Mother,
Heaven's glorious Queen,
And the Child, we call our Jesus,
He who was by shepherds seen.

The star that shone with glory,
Still glows on Christmas eve,
Inviting you, dear children,
Your Savior to receive.

—Agnes Viola Brown.

BEFORE THE CRIB—WISHING

P. K.

I like to kneel before the crib
In church on Christmas morn,
To see the manger, filled with straw,
Where Jesus lies, new-born.

I like the lamb that, unafraid,
Beside the manger stands,
And with its breathing tries to warm
The Infant's trembling hands.

Oh, how I'd like to be that lamb,
To stand there in its stead,
I'd ask the Babe to place His hands
In blessing on my head.

A LEGEND OF DREAM ISLE

MARY E. SULLIVAN

Peterkin had fallen asleep on the sanded floor beside the cold hearthstone of his home in Realista, a quaint Dutch town on the Suyder Zee where there are many water streets, huge windmills, and great dikes. He had on but one of his wooden shoes; the other was hung beside the fireplace to receive gifts from Santa Claus.

Mina, hungry and forlorn, was keeping vigil over her dead mother and looking wistfully, now and then, out upon the neighboring houses and the eager package-laden people gayly skating by. She watched the scudding ice boats, heard the tinkling sleigh bells, the shouts and laughter of children, and all the joyousness and mirth outside. Seeing through lighted windows, garlands of holly and mistletoe and illumined, gorgeous Christmas trees with wax tapers and shining balls, she sat dreaming and wishing, wishing. Her heart and mind were filled with wonder as to why Santa Claus, forgetful of Peterkin and her, always visited Frieda, the rich girl in the big house at the corner, bestowing upon her all kinds of pretty clothes, dolls, and toys, together with a Christmas tree.

"The king promises that the children are to have more toys and sugarplums than ever to-night because the stork brought a baby princess to the palace yesterday," said Mina. "Everybody has a pink-silk ball covered with lace hanging on the door knob to show they are glad about the little princess. The king will be angry because there is no ball at our door and he won't send Santa Claus here. But Santa will go to Frieda's house; he goes there every year. I don't know why—Frieda is always cross. She isn't kind to poor children," mused the lonely little girl.

"All the year long Peterkin and I try so hard to be good. We don't even talk back when Frieda makes faces and is mean to us. She calls us beggars and says no nice child can play with us because father is always drinking at the tavern. We can't help that. We are so sorry. Every night we cry, and cry, and cry. Once we were happy and rich but Santa Claus doesn't care for us now. He isn't kind. I think he likes only rich children. Well, maybe he doesn't know how we try, but I am sure God knows. He can look right into children's hearts and see if they try to be good and why they are sad."

Mina left the window and stood beside her mother, murmuring, "They have taken father away to some awful place, mother mine. Frieda says he shall never, never see us again. You were the only one in all the world who was kind to us and now you are dead, dead. Frieda has a Christmas tree in her house to-night but we have a coffin. There are holly wreaths in the windows over there but we have crepe on the door.

"To-night they will put you down in the grave, mother dear. How awful that will be! How lonesome! Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I want to die and go with you."

Sobbing bitterly, Mina sank upon her knees at the foot of the coffin and, burying her face in her hands, prayed fervently, "Oh, dear God, pity brother and me. We try to be good, but nobody cares for us. Even Santa Claus forgets us. Mother is dead and Peterkin and I are alone, all alone this Christmas night. Hear, oh hear my prayer, and take us to her."

A gentle tap upon her shoulder distracted Mina and, looking up, she saw a beautiful fairy clothed in flowing robes of white, spangled with silver stars. This dainty sprite floated gracefully in the air with gauzy, silvery wings. Her head was adorned with a filmy veil of lace surmounted by a circlet of shining stars. About her slender waist was a girdle of dazzling brilliants. She touched Peterkin with her slender silver wand and roused him from his slumber.

"I am Compassionata who pities and loves all neglected children," she said. "If you would be happy, little ones, come with me to the good Master who reigns in Dream Isle in the Sea of Mystery. There you shall have all that ever the heart of a child desires." Compassionata waved her magic wand and Felicitas, a silver boat, with sails of snow-white silk and masts and spars of gold, appeared.

All three embarked, the walls of the house gradually, mysteriously disappeared, and the hearts of the children were filled with mingled emotions of wonder and joy. The boat glided lightly, swiftly through the air up and down, in and out among the fleecy clouds, over the roofs of stately castles, along a broad river, over many, many miles of shady forest, down into the quiet valleys and up over the lofty mountain tops—far, far away over land and over sea.

At last it hovered above an island illumined by mellow moonlight and myriads of tiny colored lamps festooned from tree to tree. "Behold Dream Isle, the land of Heart's Desire," said Compassionata.

Icebergs floated all about the tranquil sea but the air was sweet with the perfume of roses, honeysuckle, the magnolia, the chinaberry, the locust, and the jasmine. Thick, velvety grass made a soft carpet for this delightful fairyland. The happy children, looking about in wonder, saw roses, roses everywhere—the "Rose of a Thousand Leaves," the "Cherokee," the "Cloth of Gold," the "Jacque," the "Marshall Niel," the "Rambler," and countless others. The bewitching "Queen of Roses" floated in their midst bestowing a refreshing dewdrop upon the heart of each and every one. Every moment numberless buds burst forth into full bloom and fragrance.

Soon Mina and Peterkin beheld a vista of great beauty made by long avenues bordered with blossoming orange trees, apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, cherry trees, and plum trees brilliant with gigantic icicles of sparkling colors and laden with fruit forms of richest candy. Other avenues were fringed with huge hemlock trees glittering with heavy hoarfrost, and innumerable lighted candles of various colors. "Oh, what lovely Christmas trees!" shouted Peterkin, clapping his hands with glee.

"Look yonder," said Compassionata, "and see the maple trees bending beneath the weight of all sorts of sugar animals—dogs, rabbits, squirrels, lambs and horses." The fairy touched the tree with her wand and lo! the sugar animals began to laugh and talk and

to chase each other up and down among the branches. "Now," she said, "we go a-sailing over the rock-a-bye trees dangling with fairy cradles made of thistledown. This is where the stork found the baby princess—and here, Mina dear, are the dolly trees."

Mina leaped with joy at sight of wonderful dolls of all descriptions—boy dolls, girl dolls, infant dolls in flowing robes, Dutch dolls in dainty white caps and aprons and wooden shoes, sturdy Dutch boys with caps, and scarves, and skates, dainty ladies, jolly sailors in jaunty caps, and pretty blouses, slant-eyed Japs furl-clad Eskimos, Indian chiefs, and laughing darkies. Then, too, there were dolls uniformed as soldiers, firemen, policemen, and cabbies.

At touch of the good fairy's wand the dollies all began to smile and nod, to dance and sing, and shout a welcome. The boys began to skate; the Indians adjusted their bows and shot a hundred candy arrows for which the policemen proceeded to arrest them; the firemen drove their horses furiously through the air; the cabbies danced off madly with their carriages; the sailors manned their boat and put off to sea; the soldiers shouldered their muskets and marched to the war; the darkies played their banjos. Each and all performed their tasks right heartily.

As the boat floated lightly about, wondrous aspen trees studded with enormous diamonds came into view. The gently swaying branches bore marvellous toys—magic engines and trains of cars, gold and silver bugles, drums and clarionets, ice skates, and the queerest of sleds shaped like dragons and like roaring lions. "Perform," said Compassionata, and immediately the engines began to puff and snort, the cars ran rapidly, the bugles, drums, and clarionets burst forth with sweetest music while the dragons and lions bellowed and roared.

Verdant pine trees rich with fragrant balsam held out gay-colored picture books suspended by delicate tassled cords of green and gold. "Turn," said the fairy, and the leaves of the books turned from page to page, revealing pictures that told marvelous stories of elves and sprites and their magical achievements in the Sea of Mystery.

Compassionata's companions now peered more closely into the sylvan domain and saw groups of children on snow-white ponies with saddles and bridles of gold galloping gayly about. Little girls bedecked in wreaths and garlands of fairest flowers were roaming mirthfully through the woodland. (How Mina yearned to be with them!) Now exquisite music from invisible harps and violins bearing a message of peace and blissfulness was wafted upward, while at the same time grand hosannas ran forth with exultation. Yet all blended sweetly in harmony and unison.

Lo! of a sudden as the music ceased, a strange white bird alighted on the prow of Felicitas and began to sing. At first its warbling was low and mellow. Then, overflowing with rapture, it grew louder, fuller, more joyous and exultant. The bird poured forth a flood of song that seemed to tell the origin and significance of all the merrymaking, feasting, bountiful bestowal of gifts, good wishes, and happy home comings of Christmas day.

Mina listened with rapt attention as the songster caroled his melody into her inmost soul. He sang of an innocent Babe destined to be the Redeemer of the world, the Savior of Mankind; of his birth in a stable of Bethlehem in bleak midwinter long ago; of the humble adoring mother; of the shepherds watching their flocks on the neighboring hills; of the glory that shone in the skies; of the stars that guided the Wise Men to the lowly stable; and finally, of the joyful, glad hosannas from choirs of angels adoring and praising the newborn Messiah.

As the last note died away, Compassionata, taking Mina and Peterkin by the hand, descended from her boat. A bevy of tiny flower fairies, each bearing a lighted taper and offering a golden gem-studded casket,

came forth to greet them and to escort them to Athanasius the king.

Athanasius garmented in a white robe, was enthroned upon the rose-embowered veranda of a crystal palace. His face was radiant with tenderness and love. His long, flowing hair was surmounted by a crown of thorns transformed into a halo of glory, and a great light shone round about him.

Stretching forth his hands and placing them upon the children's heads, he blessed them saying, "Little ones, I bid you welcome to the Land of Heart's Desire. Behold your mother wearing a jeweled crown bestowed upon her for her many virtues and her sorrows borne with patience. Here, reveling in her fostering care, amidst all this splendor, peace and happiness, shall be your everlasting home. I bestow all these gifts upon you because you brought to me 'the myrrh of your griefs and sorrows, the frankincense of prayer, and the gold of true affection.' Every year at Christmastide Compassionata will take you in her trusty ship, Felicitas, for a voyage from Dream Isle to Realista, that you may shower gifts upon the children of the poor and desolate."

As the Master ceased to speak, the children rushed into their mother's outstretched arms and she tenderly folded them to her heart.

Thirty-five years have passed away and Peterkin and Mina, still blithe and happy children, thirty-five times have sailed away from the Master's home on a voyage of love and charity. They are messengers of peace and good will, always returning to Dream Isle with some little child rescued from distress, neglect, or poverty.

Frieda, long, long since a woman grown and surrounded by little children, lives in a humble cottage which Mina delights in visiting to bestow choice gifts upon the inmates. Frieda's heart is filled with gratitude mingled with remorse for her unkindness of childhood days. She instills gentleness and generosity into the minds of those confided to her care and often tells them the story of that memorable Christmas night of long ago.

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

Clara McGrath, Springfield, Ill., acknowledges the receipt of her B-Z-B Button. She says that the services at the recent dedication of the new Cathedral in her home town were very impressive.

Evelyn Raymond (age 17), 303 9th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., who has received the Fidelity Button; asks how she may obtain a B-Z-B Button. Write something really worthwhile. That will bring the coveted prize.

Martha Spalding (age 10), New Haven, Ky., who won a button last year, would like to have correspondents of her age.

Florence Brady (age 16), 3317 Wallace St., W. Philadelphia, Pa., finds the "Corner" interesting.

Mary Holloran (age 11), 856 So. Alden St., West Philadelphia, Pa., would like to receive letters from the girls of the "Corner."

Catherine Sturm (age 13), 1851 So. Adams St., Marion, Ind., who is in first year high, has written her first letter to the "Corner." She asks the other playmates to write her.

Ruth Pfeffer (age 12), O'Bannon, Ky., is another new member. Ruth who is in her first year at high school, lives near Louisville, Ky., but she is a native of Missouri. St. Louis was her former home. She desires correspondents too.

Rosella Jakoby, 921 Charles St., Louisville, Ky., has sent us a letter which describes the golden jubilee celebration of St. Vincent de Paul Church in that city. The B-Z-B Button is hers.

Josephine Dakoske, 4192 Seminole, Detroit, Mich., says she "would like to correspond with a girl eighteen years old from Austin, Texas." What girl of that age at or from Austin will oblige her?

Exchange Smiles

This happened in Indiana: It was Christmas eve. Santa Claus had just arrived with a bountiful supply of presents for the junior member of the household. Patsy Murphy looked longingly from old Santa to his gifts. "Can you say your prayers, son?" inquired Santa of the little fellow. Immediately the child made the sign of the cross and began the prayer: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive. . . ." But this was too much for Santa Claus, who burst out laughing. "Mamma," spoke up Patsy, "Santa Claus laughs just like papa."

"Mummy, is it lunch time yet?"

"No, pet, not for another hour."

"Well, then, my tummy must be fast."

The Carols of Christmastide

(Continued from page 365)

are quaintly devotional, and many of them are founded on interesting legends. The Cherry Tree Carol, for instance, dates from the Coventry Mystery Plays of the fifteenth century, and depicts the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on their way to Bethlehem before the birth of Jesus. As they pass by a cherry tree, Mary asks Joseph to pluck some of its fruit for her, but he brusquely refuses to do so. Thereupon the tree bends down and offers its fruit to the future Mother of its Creator.

The *Wassail* is one of the most ancient forms of English carol and takes its name from the old Anglo-Saxon *Weshal* (be hale or hearty). Be hale! Be hearty! Be merry! This is indeed the keynote of the characteristic Christmas carol. It is undying in its cheerfulness, unequalled in its buoyancy. The same joyful spirit runs throughout that familiar air, *Adeste Fideles*, which was sung for the first time about 1797 by the Portuguese Legation in London. Another popular hymn of the Nativity, *Silent Night*, contains the same notes of joy, though in a modified degree, its chief portrayal being the spirit of peace which the Divine Infant brought with Him on the first Christmas night. The words of this song are attributed to an Austrian priest, Fr. Joseph Mohr, while the melody is the composition of Franz Gruber (1787-1863).

Whatever else may be said for or against them, the prevalent Christmas carols and hymns are generally in keeping with the jolly spirit of this jolliest of seasons, and year by year the singing of carols at Christmas time has been growing in popularity. It is now no uncommon thing in our large cities to be serenaded on Christmas Eve by one or more groups of trained carolers who go about from street corner to street corner, or stop before homes which have the so-called carol candle burning in the front window, and publish in strains of merry melody the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. If on that hallowed night you should hear a band of songsters thus proclaiming the joy of the universe, do not forget the Catholic origin of this custom and the entirely devotional motive in back of it.

Abbey and Seminary

—Father Abbot celebrated Pontifical High Mass on All Saints. The St. Gregory Chancel Choir, which has been heard to advantage on several other occasions this fall, sang a beautiful *Sanctus*, one of Father Vincent's compositions. After the Vespers of the feast followed the singing of the Vespers of the Office of the Dead. Two processions then formed: the one, consisting of the members of the community and the student body, went to the Abbey cemetery; while the other, composed of the parishioners, accompanied by Father Peter, assistant pastor, wended its way to the cemetery on the hill where the parish dead are buried.

—Our deceased benefactors were remembered in a special manner on the morning of the fifth when Father Abbot offered up a Pontifical Requiem for the repose of their souls.

—November sixth, election day for President of the U. S. A., will long be remembered as the day on which Alfred Emanuel Smith, the Governor of New York, a Catholic, running for President on the Democratic ticket against Herbert Hoover, a Quaker, was snowed under at the polls. While both are good men, it was, at least to a great extent, a case of Protestant vs. Catholic.

—Nearly 200 students of the College, taking advantage of the beautiful weather that prevailed on Nov. 13, the feast of All Saints of the Order of St. Benedict, walked over to Ferdinand to spend the day. Whether, after their departure in the evening, any eatables were left for their hosts has not been reported to our office, but the boys returned in good spirits, even though they felt the fatigue of a six mile walk.

—All Souls Day of the Order follows All Saints. Father Subprior was celebrant of the Solemn Mass of Requiem, which was followed by the *Libera* and a procession to the cemetery.

—The seminarians are looking forward to the erection of their new recreation hall, towards which they have been gathering funds for several years. Although the workmen have already begun the foundation, funds are still inadequate to complete the superstructure.

—Father Thomas was invited to Washington, Ind., to preside at the organ on Monday, Nov. 19, 1928, when the Graham Brothers received the insignia of Knights of St. Gregory. Father Dominic, a former professor of Joseph B. Graham was also present.

—The level of the inner court, which is surrounded on the West and the South by the college, and on the East by the old seminary, is being lowered some five or six feet to the level of the adjoining court. In the center, shaped like an enormous beehive, towers a large, vaulted cistern constructed of stone. This was built years ago to catch and store water from the roofs before there were facilities for pumping water from the Anderson across the valley to the East.

Book Notices

Our clerical readers, priests and seminarians, will hail with delight the announcement of the publication of a *Verbal Concordat to the New Testament* (Rheims

Version). In 394 double-column, closely printed pages Rev. Newton Thompson, S. T. D., has given us a verbal index to the Rheims New Testament—the first of its kind in the English language. So far as the reviewer has had opportunity to test it, the Concordance is complete and accurate. This publication will facilitate the citation of Scripture in sermons and instructions, and in this regard it supplies a real need in our Scriptural literature. May it serve many as a renewed incentive to the more frequent quotation of Holy Scripture and thus contribute toward the realization of the "one desire" of Pope Benedict XV "for all the Church's children, that, being saturated with the Bible, they may arrive at the all-surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ." (John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md., Publishers. Price: \$3.75.) C. G.

Those who have read the Mary Rose series of stories, by Mary Mabel Wirries, will welcome "Mary Rose at Rose Gables," which is a charming story that will hold the reader's attention from beginning to end. Mary Rose in her young womanhood remains the lovable character we have learned to know in her childhood. (Benziger Brothers, publishers, \$1.50, net.) B. B.

The fourth volume of *Eucharistic Whisperings* is now on the market. This little volume, like its predecessors, will act as fuel for the fire of divine love in the soul, especially in visits to the Blessed Sacrament. We heartily recommend this new volume to both tepid and devout. The Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis., are the publishers. Price: cloth, 65¢; paper, 35¢; leather, \$1.25 to \$1.75. Postage extra.

Manna Almanac—The Young Folks' Delight, for 1929, is an interesting annual of nearly 100 pages. The contents, which are adapted to the intelligence of the young, are composed of instructions and short stories with a profusion of illustrations. Price: 25¢ postpaid. Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis.

An attractive annual for the household is the *Almanac and Calendar of the Sacred Heart*, for 1929, which contains much instructive matter and useful information. The beautiful illustrations are done in colors. Published by the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Price: 12¢ postpaid; reduction on quantities.

Those who are looking for something different in the way of Christmas greeting cards will find it in the novel designs executed by Sister Dominica, O. S. U. These designs, which are in outline, printed on cream-colored cards, with texts from Missal and Breviary, have the merit of being both artistic and different. The series of twelve cards with envelopes sells for \$1.00. Address S. M. Angela, O. S. U., 1147 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

The hearty reception that was accorded Number One, *St. Meinrad Historical Essays*, has so encouraged the class in history at St. Meinrad Seminary that Number Two of these Essays, which is now in preparation, will appear in the course of a few months. The contents of the coming number offers a pleasing variety of such interesting topics as "Father Isidore Hobi, O. S. B., First Rector of St. Meinrad Seminary," "The Centenary of the Leopoldine Association," "Toleration—Our Guiding Principles," "Acadia and her Exiles," "Our Seminaries and the Motu Proprio on Church Music," "Principles of the Medieval Guilds," "Our Baptismal Rite in the Fourth Century," "Complete List of Our Living Alumni," who number more than 650, "Chronicle and Obituary," and other subjects. — Copies of Number One, a few of which are still on hand, as well as future numbers, may be obtained from the St. Meinrad Historical Essays, St. Meinrad Seminary, St. Meinrad, Ind., at 50¢ per copy.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

(Continued)

CHAPTER V—VISITORS

MEANWHILE, her mind was not there at home in her room, but dwelt constantly on the manuscript piled neatly in a desk drawer at the studio, and as the quiet hours rolled by, new scenes and developments were constantly suggesting themselves to her, until at last, her fingers fairly itched for the feel of the typewriter keys. She feared lest, in their abundance, she would forget some of the new ideas that had come to her. So, one afternoon, toward the end of Emma's visit, feeling bright and chipper again, she secretly dressed for the street, and when no one was noticing, slipped out and phoned for a taxi, which took her to the studio, where she meant to indulge herself for an hour with her beloved writing. Then and there she made the resolution that she would not go to any mountains. "Perfectly absurd," she soliloquized. "I'm all right now."

As she leisurely walked up the dusty stairs of Number 213 Carroll Street, the musty smell of which strangely drew her, since it suggested the nearness of her studio and the labor so dear to her heart, she saw a tall figure in a blue crepe frock coming out of the door opposite hers. The hall was dim and Lucilla could scarce discern the person's face, but it needed no second glance for her to recognize the old familiar gait and carriage of Thelma, who indeed it was. She suddenly discovered that even that denizen of Artist's Row had grown dear, because of her association with all that suggested the work she loved.

As Thelma approached, her face was extremely mournful, nor did it relax into a smile when she recognized her friend. She dropped her eyes, then raised them again, uncertain how the land lay. But Lucilla had forgotten all about their little tiff, and rushed toward her with outstretched arms.

"Thelma, you old dear! You are a sight for sore eyes! Why the funereal expression? Has anyone died?" And Lucilla playfully shook her.

An expression like a thousand electric lights suddenly turned on, irradiated the tall girl's face, and the next moment they were locked in each other's arms, and tears were in Thelma's eyes.

"Where have you been?" she asked in a shaken voice. "Do you know, I've nearly died of grief because I thought you were angry at me, and I was afraid you had given up your studio for good." All the happy-go-lucky, light, bantering manner was gone.

"Come in and I'll explain," replied Lucilla, holding her friend's hand tightly while she unlocked her door with the other. "I was taken deathly ill the morning after the party, and Ted came for me and took me home. They tried to tell me I had a nervous breakdown—I'll admit I was pretty sick. Well, they've kept me in bed almost all this time—Ted's sister has been down on a visit, and she took care of me—but I sneaked away on them this afternoon, because I simply couldn't stay away any longer."

"W-e-l-l," drawled Thelma, "everybody's been up here asking about you, and I couldn't tell them a thing. We didn't know what had become of you." Lucilla gave a little laugh; she was touched.

"It's very kind of them, I'm sure. I didn't think they took that much interest in me."

"Oh, they think of you as an angel from another clime. They seem to feel that you've been shocked or something because you slipped out like that, and were trying to make amends. You know, when Larry saw you go, he made a hue and cry—(he forgot to blame himself)—upbraided the whole crowd, called them all sorts of pet names, and forget that he was as bad as the rest. But I brought him to his senses; he knew where to get off after that. What's this?" And Thelma picked up a sealed envelope that lay on the floor near the door. Lucilla tore it open curiously, and found a note of apology from Larry.

"It's dated nearly a month ago," she said.

"Sure; day after the party. I let him have it—hot shot—I was all upset and sore because of our own little misunderstanding, and he crumpled up under my words like a piece of paper. This is the result."

"Poor things! I'm sure they didn't mean any harm. I hope they didn't think I was trying to be superior or anything. I tried to 'do as the Romans did,' but I guess I didn't succeed very well."

"Well, they'll know how to behave next time you're around. The party almost broke up on account of it."

"It was almost time to break up anyway, wasn't it?" Lucilla asked with a smile.

"Lands, no; they kept on singing and dancing and debating until nearly five o'clock. They're bears on having debates on all sorts of subjects, from psychology

to noodle soup. And the funny part of it is, they let Larry light into 'em, and never batter an eyelash, no matter what he called them. That's the nice part about the boys and girls; they never get angry at each other. They were only worried about you."

"Well, I'm surely sorry. I thought no one saw me go."

"They didn't, but Larry did. By the way, your tea wagon is in my room. I tried to fix it with glue, but it won't hold. Guess you'll have to send it to a cabinet maker." Lucilla drew in her breath sharply. Her inborn frugality always winced at wastefulness or destruction, even though her husband was wealthy. And the tea wagon was brand new.

"What's wrong with it?" she asked.

"It's the leg that supports one of the wheels. Someone fell against it and broke it off—and the glass in the tray is cracked too. I'm afraid they weren't very careful." Lucilla could not help shaking her head and clicking her tongue in annoyance. "And they smashed two cups of the tea set too," admitted Thelma, hating to say it, but feeling that it must come out sooner or later. "I warned them to be careful, but just lend that crowd something and you'll get it back in pieces." Lucilla remembered that it was Thelma herself who had offered Larry the use of these articles, but, though she was greatly annoyed, she said nothing.

"Have you heard about Freddie Evers?" continued Thelma.

"No. What is it?"

"He has been awarded the commission to fresco the dome of the new City Hall. There's quite a sum of money in it for him."

"Well, I'm certainly pleased to hear it; Freddie is a good, earnest boy, and deserves it. I suppose you're as hard on him as ever?"

"It's in my nature to be. I don't know what makes me hate him so."

"Hate, Thelma. A Christian should never use the word." Thelma shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, I don't know that I am a Christian."

"And besides, have a care. Hate is perilously akin to love!" Lucilla loved to tease her friend.

"By the way, Larry wants me to ask a favor of you."

"Does he fear to ask me himself?"

"I'm afraid he does. He wants you to pose for his new statue of the Vestal. Will you do it?" Lucilla considered. She felt sure it was only a scheme of Larry's to see her oftener.

"I'm not sure whether I'll be able to do it or not. Just now I am going to be tremendously busy—at least until my book is finished. I must make up for lost time, you know."

"And get another nervous breakdown, eh? Well, I told him I thought it would be doubtful."

"Well, you see, I came here to work, and work hard—not just to dabble like some of these rich women do, and just make believe they are working."

"And after this book is finished?"

"I'll write another, I suppose."

"And another?"

"And another."

"Poor Ted!" The words were hardly out before Thelma remembered and clapped her hand to her mouth. Then both laughed. It was dangerous ground.

"Beware!" she said, shaking her finger playfully. "We don't want another difference, do we?" said Thelma.

"We most certainly do not." And then they laughed again merrily.

"Well, I'll be going," continued Thelma, rising. "I've an appointment with my dentist, and I felt like a funeral until you came; but now I'm ready for anything! By the way, when are you coming back—regularly, I mean?"

"Monday, after Emma's gone."

"Very well, old dear; I'll be counting the hours. Good-bye!"

And she kissed Lucilla resoundingly.

CHAPTER VI—A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS

As was to be expected, after Emma's departure, Ted insisted upon obeying the doctor's instructions and taking his wife to the mountains.

"You're far too precious to fritter away on that hole in Carroll Street, and I'm not taking any chances," he told her. But she was an obstinate little piece and just shook her little brown head with a determined air. Thereupon Ted became suddenly very deep and subtle, and thought up a dark scheme. He came home at four one afternoon and had the doctor call Lucilla, saying that her husband wasn't feeling at all well, and needed her presence. For two days he lounged about the house, sometimes in bed, sometimes out of it, complaining of various aches and pains, until Lucilla, frightened, begged the doctor not to spare her, to tell her just what was wrong with her husband. The doctor winked at Ted behind Mrs. Rawn's back, and proceeded with a piece of advice.

"Do you know what I think?" he asked, tapping his glasses against his knee as he sat facing the both of them, "I think the best thing you both can do is to go away for a rest; your husband needs it as badly as you do, Mrs. Rawn. I wouldn't put it off any longer."

Thereupon Lucilla, frightened for her husband, consented to going away at once. Ted was delighted, both because his little ruse succeeded and over the prospect of having her all to himself for three whole weeks, fishing, hunting, and keeping house at a mountain lodge which he planned to rent from a friend.

So he wrote, and the friend replied by night letter: "Help yourself; stay as long as you want; not using place this year; don't want a cent for it; caretaker on the place; Mrs. Lickliter in village will cook for you if you ask her." And then preparations went forward in good earnest. There were days of shopping too, during one of which Lucilla secretly purchased a small, compact typewriter in a case, and smuggled it into a large grip along with her manuscript. Ted knew nothing of it, but he was already planning to keep her busy from morning till night out in the open air, so that she would not have time to concoct plots and think up new characters—in short, he thought he was going to give her brain a vacation.

A week later they arrived at the little village of Rushaway, which took its name from the wild mountain torrent on whose banks it straggled. It was three of the morning, but it could not be helped, since they preferred not to wait over for the next train at sleepy little Gillettsville, where they were obliged to change cars to the local branch line. They thought it would be a lark to arrive early in the morning, but they had not counted on the absolute blackness of the landscape and town, for the lights were put out in Rushaway streets at nine o'clock sharp every night. There was no moon, and the stillness was unearthly. Ted pulled out the pocket flashlight he had luckily taken along, and tried by its beam to size up the place a little. The station was a mere tumble-down shed, the tiny ticket window was dark, and no one was to be seen. Suddenly there was a sound somewhere in the vicinity, not unlike a snarl. Lucilla hugged her husband's arm tighter, her eyes wide with fright.

"What was that?" she whispered. "There aren't any wolves in these mountains, are there?" she asked fearfully.

"Why no, of course not," laughed Ted. "They've all been killed off long ago." A breeze, piercingly cold, came like a miniature gale, and blew up the dust about the station, passing off in a long-drawn rustle, to the distant trees. Lucilla shivered and drew her wrap more closely about her neck.

"Heavens, if I'd known what a God-forsaken place this is, I'd have let you take that later train. But I dreaded being stuck all day in that dead jerk-water town." Meanwhile Ted had discovered something.

"Oh! There you are!" he exclaimed, flashing his light upon what at first appeared to be a pile of old clothes thrown carelessly upon a bench. "Hey there!" he called. "Wake up! We're here!" The snoring, which Lucilla had mistaken for the snarl of a wolf, stopped.

"Mmmmm—" groaned a sleepy voice.

"I said wake up! We're here!" persisted Ted.

"Hm?" came from the tumbled bundle of clothes, and presently a head was raised inquiringly up. "You're here! Who's here? Pershing? Say, what do you think this is? Lafayette's tomb? I ain't dead yet, understand, but I'd like to get a good night's sleep if you have no objections. So beat it and don't bother me!" So saying, he turned over with a huge sigh and prepared to return to his dreams. Ted shook him gently by the shoulder.

"But I say, aren't you De Bussy's man?"

"Wot?" and the man sat up. "Naw; I ain't nobody's man; I'm my own man! I don't take orders from nobody, see?" And he lay down again. But Ted would not let him rest.

"Say, listen; Mr. De Bussy said he would have a man waiting for us. Do take us to your hotel, won't you please?"

"My hotel! Laws-a-massy! My hotel is the first empty bench I come to when I feel the sandman a-comin' on. And now quit pesterin' an' let a man sleep, will ye?" Ted gritted his teeth and plunged his hand into his pocket.

"Here; maybe this will interest you enough to guide us up to De Bussy's hotel. We can't stand here all night you know."

(To be continued)

Let the Children Decorate the Tree

Let the children decorate their own tree, says one woman writer. This may seem unorthodox, contrary to custom, an upheaval of all the set standards, treason to old Santa himself. But no; it is not. Santa may still come in his usual rôle, but "he is so busy, he has asked father and mother and the kiddies to help him out by trimming the tree themselves." What a wonderful feast this is for the children, may be readily discovered by trying the experiment this Christmas. The locked room with its hidden secrets cannot equal the full satisfaction and solid joy the children have out of trimming their own tree.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, there will be general impatience. The luncheon dishes will hardly be washed up, but the kiddies are asking, "Are we going to bring the tree in now and trim it?" Upon the affirmative "Yes," watch them jump up and down in delirious ecstasy. "You may go up to the attic and bring the boxes down" will be the signal for a general stampede to the upper regions, and the eagerness to fetch, carry, and be universally helpful will be unequalled by anything you have ever seen. Besides doing away with the trouble of smuggling things into the locked room, and keeping suspicious ears and eyes at a distance, it will be a genuine relief to have assistance in this most important Christmas duty. The work will be expedited so fast, you will hardly believe it is finished for Johnny will gladly do all the stepladder climbing to fasten the higher ornaments—he is the "man" of the group, and may be entrusted with the harder jobs; this strengthens his sense of responsibility. May and Janey may each help to decorate the lower branches, while even baby may be permitted to hand mother the tinselled pictures and other unbreakable ornaments.

Then the little crib at the foot of the tree, arranged under a cave made of a piece of black or dark green lining, starched or painted with glue, and sprinkled with flaked mica for snow, while still wet. When dry and stiff, wrinkle up to represent a rugged mountain, pin together at the back and curve out the front for a cave. Pin down a red electric light from the tree branches underneath the lining, and place a piece of white paper behind it for a reflector. Then when the tree is lit, a pleasant red light will be cast on the little tableau beneath. When the work is done, the room may then be closed off to await the august saint of the evening with his gifts.

Some Pointers on Baking

Everyone wants his Christmas cakes to be extra fine, and in order to get these fine-textured cakes, there are little points to be observed, which, in the hurry of ordinary baking days, are perhaps overlooked.

"Don't overlook the smallest details in baking," says an eminent cooking school principal, "if you want to

have a perfect cake." We hear some cooks saying that "they just throw everything in at once" and beat it up. But it stands to reason that a cake "just thrown together" will not be as fine and light as one in which every ingredient is added with the utmost care and clock-work precision. Follow recipes exactly, and add ingredients in the order given, beating each carefully for the length of time stated.

The baking powder is very important. A poor quality of baking powder, that is, the kinds advertised in large cans at a very low price, necessarily contain cheap ingredients which are often injurious to health, besides making but an indifferent sort of cake. It pays to buy the best grade of baking powder, because the ingredients contained therein are pure and contain no drugs. We depend on those few teaspoonfuls of baking powder to make our cake rise, so it is the part of economy to use the very best. The poor grades often cause failures. Never skimp on your baking powder; but, on the other hand, do not use more than the recipe calls for, or your cake will be coarse-grained.

To have the very finest kind of cake, the butter should be creamed alone first, then half the sugar added, and creamed again. Then the yolks of the eggs, well-beaten, should be added to the creamed butter and sugar, and all creamed together. Other shortenings may be substituted for butter, but, of course, butter will impart the most delicate flavor. The other half of the sugar should be beaten into the egg whites, and *folded*, not stirred or beaten, into the cake. A spatula-knife is the best utensil to use for folding, and once the egg-whites have been thoroughly blended with the other ingredients, the cake should not be stirred again.

The cake should be placed in the center of the oven, and the door should not be opened again until at least fifteen minutes after the cake has been put in; otherwise it may fall from the rush of cool air. After this it may be turned occasionally, so as to brown evenly.

For a hot oven, light burner and leave on full force for ten minutes; then place cake in oven, and turn down flame slightly. For moderate oven, leave on full force for ten minutes, then turn off half when putting in cake. For slow oven, turn on full for five minutes, then turn off three quarters when putting in cake.

In most cases, if the bottom of pan is lined with paper, the sides can easily be loosened with a knife. Set pan on paper and draw around with pencil; then cut, and you will have a perfect fit. For tube pan, after circle has been cut, place paper on bottom of pan, and press slightly with fingers where tube comes. Then cut out.

Recipes

TWO GOOD ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY

Mix $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned corn, (from which the liquid has been drained) $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Beat up well and drop by spoonfuls into hot lard or oil; fry slowly until brown and well cooked. As each corn puff is taken out,

split slightly with two silver forks, insert a teaspoonful of cranberry jelly, and press together again.

SWEET POTATO BALLS

Boil in their jackets as many sweet potatoes as needed; peel and then place in mixing bowl with 1 egg, salt, and pepper. Mash all together with potato masher until quite light. Have ready small cheese balls, size of a marshmallow, made of cream cheese mixed with chopped green pepper. Surround each cheese ball with a ball of sweet potato, roll in corn flakes and fry until brown. Flour hands if necessary.

Household Hints

Mark the children's galoshes, rubbers, slickers, etc., inside with indelible pencil or ink. It saves much confusion for them at going-home time. If indelible pencil is used, wet the spot before printing on it. Printing is better than writing, because it is easier to read.

Needlework Pattern

For Christmas giving, the little pattern shown here is unequaled, having the advantage of being quickly embroidered on any small piece of nainsook, crossbar material, organdie, lawn, or even unbleached muslin, that may be left over from various garments. The large butterfly forms the bib, while the small ones are pockets. These latter are embroidered separately and then appliqued or machine-stitched onto the apron. They may be in pink, pale blue, yellow, or any other pastel shade, while rich red silk is very effective. Along the edge the wavy line is embroidered in chain-stitch, while edge of apron may be bound in the same color as embroidery, or simply hemmed. Pattern 20¢. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.



BUTTERFLY APRON ~ ~ ~

Good Weather and Fresh Air



This is the season when the thermometer and the windows go down at the same time. With the arrival of the first chill breeze sashes are lowered and doors closed against the outdoor air as against a bitter enemy. This is a system that has its drawbacks, however. It is well enough to protect ourselves against cold, but in shunning fresh air too much, we are

apt to run the risk of lowering our resistance against disease. No air is so healthful as outdoor air, and we need a quantity of it every day in order to keep well.

Now that the winter is upon us, let us not neglect to keep our bedroom windows open while we sleep. In an era of electric pads, hot water bottles and warm, light covering, there is no reason why we cannot have a comfortable night's rest in a cold room. Only in very severe climates is it perhaps advisable not to keep the windows wide open at night.

Moreover, we can work more efficiently and more contentedly in home, shop, or office, if the windows are opened for a few minutes several times a day. And let us remember that a brisk, daily walk tones up the system so that we do not feel the cold so much. To educate the public in the value of fresh air and in disease prevention, the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated organizations are conducting the twenty-first Christmas seal sale.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 370)

Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. L. F. Seibel, Pittsburgh, Pa.; L. G. Connor, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Wm. Grasman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. L. Kramer, Dayton, Ky.; Mrs. J. Champaigne, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. M. G. Smith, Butler, Pa.; Donor, 89 Boerum Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. Morris, Bridgeport, Conn.; Margaret McFarland, Braddock, Pa.; Mrs. E. Mahon, Brooklyn, N. Y. We wish to extend deepest thanks to these charitable persons, and anyone else wishing to help the missions in this way may send tin foil to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

Thanks to Donor

Father Ambrose writes: "Extend my heartfelt thanks to 'A Grail Subscriber' for the \$10.00 sent. Fortunately she cannot hide from Almighty God Who will not fail to reward her generous sacrifice."

And on Oct. 10 we received \$5.00 from "A Grail Subscriber" of New Orleans, La., undoubtedly the same person, for a sewing machine. As Father Ambrose now has five machines, the money was sent him to buy beds and blankets with for the new school. May God bless this donor.

Quilt Tops

We have just received three beautiful patch-quilt tops, made entirely by the hands of the patient Indian women. One of these is made all of silk pieces, "crazy patch design," of variegated colors, and neatly feather-stitched around each patch. This silk quilt top sells at \$8.00, and can be used as a counterpane instead of a

bedspread. The patches are sewed on a solid cloth foundation. The other two are of colored cotton patches, in nice designs, and sell at \$5.00 each. Anyone wishing one of these for a Christmas gift may write CLARE HAMPTON, and the quilt desired will be sent.

We are also in receipt of one beautiful star patch quilt, of good fast washable cotton materials, filled with cotton and solidly backed, the work of Mrs. Four Cyclones, very neat and well-made, \$10.00; one pretty, beaded, velvet cushion top, square, \$3.00; one doily, with 4½ inch tan lace scallop, and tan linen center, a beautiful piece of work, \$1.00; Pretty, pink and pale blue satin, perfumed sachet bags, 15¢ each. We also have a pair of embroidered pillow slips at \$1.00.

Beadwork Bureau

Buy beadwork for Christmas and help the missions. Adult moccasins, \$2.00 and \$2.50. (Give length of foot in inches.) Children's, \$1.50; babies', \$1.00; doll moccasins, small, 25¢; 3-inch and 4-inch, 75¢; Woven necklaces, \$1.00; 1 graduated amber bead necklace, \$1.00; 1 pair black mourning beads, long, 50¢; 1 perfumed seed necklace in green, 50¢; Napkin rings, 25¢, solid beadwork; beaded handbags, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$2.50, according to elaborate design; beaded buckskin pouches for the kiddies to carry pencils, erasers or lunch to school, 50¢; Coin purses, 75¢; 1 solid beaded flower holder, \$1.00; boudoir caps, 35¢; embroidered tea towels, 25¢ each. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.



They're Healthy!

Help them stay that way

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H. "So Annie is gone?"

Mr. Rackham. "Yes. They started off to Arizona. I thought Willie would bawl his heart out after them. For myself, I couldn't sleep at all after they went. When I'd be closing up the house for the night, I had the feeling that I was closing the door against them, and I'd wake up with the feeling that they were coming into the house, but things are getting better now. Willie is going to school and Jim, that is the eldest boy and his wife, have moved in with us for the winter."

Dr. H. Jim has young children in the family?"

Mr. R. "Yes indeed—four of them, but I know what you are going to ask. You want to know if we fumigated the house so that there would be no danger to Jim's children. Well, we did, and that was the ruction."

"When the County Nurse heard about the children coming to the house where Annie had been sick with tuberculosis, she came over and had us ransack the whole house. She said there was no use in doing it at all if we did not do it right, and she has Jim's wife right under her thumb."

"She got her to get in a woman to help, and they washed everything that was washable, and then they shook up the beds and hung the heavy clothing up round the room, and set dishes of this here 'formalin' all over the house and closed it up tight and left it that way over night. Oh, we had to leave the place while they were at it. Before they began with the 'formalin,' they washed the woodwork of the whole house and had the upstairs calcimined. You never saw such work in your life, and the morning after they did their 'fumigatin,' that's what they called this 'formalin' stuff, I went over to open up the house and, pooh! you never smelled anything like it. I just opened the doors and run. Well, then everything was carried out to be aired, and all day they had one thing or another whipping on the line, but I will say it felt like a new house when we got back into it."

Dr. H. "I think you made a very thorough job of it. I am glad the nurse was with you. She is a great help in a case like this."

Mr. R. "Oh, she's a very wonderful woman. Jim's wife sets great pass by her, and the children are very fond of her, but I think she is altogether too fussy."

Dr. H. "Not a bit. She just wants to be sure, for she looks on such a thing as 'fumigating' a house, and all that is in it, as a matter of life and death, and she is right. But you haven't told me yet how Annie and the mother were getting along."

Mr. R. "Oh, I think they are getting along all right. I know they are both dying of homesickness,—why that woman was never a whole week away from home since we were married."

Dr. H. "Well, don't you think it is time she was? I often think when I see middle-aged people cross and ugly and unmannerly to each other, as you were to her, for I noticed that here in the office, that it would be a fine thing for one or the other of them to take a trip away for a few months."

Mr. R. "I never was cross to Mary. You needn't say that, but I will say that I am thinking more about her since she left than I did for twenty years."

Dr. H. "Yes, and she is thinking more about you, and she is forgetting all your hatefulness, and remembering only the nice young fellow you were when you went to her father's house courting her."

Mr. R. "Now, go on, Doctor. You want to make an old fool of me and have me talking to you about Mary. She was the finest girl in the whole parish."

Dr. H. "Now don't begin that stuff. Did she find a church in Tucson?"

Mr. R. "A church! Why there is a bishop there and a convent with sisters in it."

Dr. H. "Did she tell you about the old mission there a little way out on the desert, and the little adobe village, and the Sisters of St. Joseph who have a school and teach the Indian children?"

Mr. R. "No, b'dad, she mustn't know about that yet. I'll write her so she will go out there."

Dr. H. "And now, Mr. Rackham, that Annie is on the highway to recovery, we will go back and talk about that disease that you were so anxious about last summer."

Mr. R. "And what was that?"

Dr. H. "Don't you remember you wanted to hear about cancer?"

Mr. R. "I forgot all about it. I don't know that I want to hear about it now. I have other troubles."

QUESTION BOX

Ques. Could a child, born of a mother in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, escape the disease?

Ans. Yes. To give such a child a chance, however, it should be immediately removed from all contact with the mother. No tubercular mother should attempt to nurse her baby, both for the child's sake and her own.

Ques. Is anger a disease?

Ans. No, it is not a disease. Anger is a passion—(that is, a movement or disturbance of the sensitive appetite or tendency)—aroused by some evil at hand, whether real or apparent. When anger is in accord with reason, it is lawful. Such anger is a form of zeal. This was the anger Our Divine Savior manifested when He drove the money changers from the temple. When anger is not in accord with reason, it is sinful. Anger is one of the seven capital sins. Sinful anger is opposed to the virtue of meekness.*

Ques. Is lettuce a good food?

Ans. Lettuce is a very valuable adjunct to food, though not high in food values itself.

* **NOTE:**—St. Gregory the Great tells us that anger has six daughters, whose names are: Indignation, Swelling of the Mind, Clamor, Blasphemy, Contumely, Quarreling. Of these the two first occur in *thought*; the third, fourth, and fifth *yield to words*; the sixth *deals out blows*.

(1) *In thought*: (a) Indignation: The angry man deems his evildoer as unworthy to act thus towards him; (b) Swelling of the Mind: The mind becomes bloated with plans of vengeance.

(2) *In word*: (a) Clamor: Disorderly and confused speech, as when one says "Raca," a word expressing great contempt; (b) Blasphemy: Words against God; (c) Contumely: Words against one's neighbor.

(3) *In deed*: Quarreling—Injuries inflicted on one's neighbor through anger.

"Haven't you any better ouija boards? I want to return this one," said a lady to the clerk.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "we have more expensive ones, but wasn't this satisfactory."

"I should say it was not. I tried to get in communication with the spirits, and all I could get was MC J L K or some foolish thing like that. The service on these cheap ouija boards is simply rotten."—Ex.

